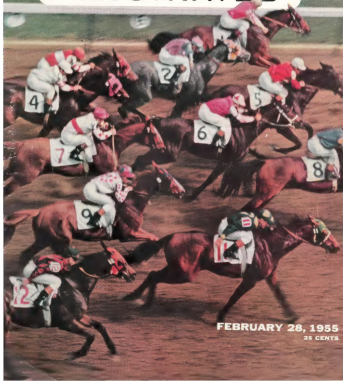


SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



FEBRUARY 28, 1955

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*Includes Mole-Motor Fuel System.

PAT ON THE BACK

A salute to some who have earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not yet its tallest headlines



BRABAZON OF TARA

Lord Brabazon of Tara, 71, has been tobogganing 48 years and still wins races. At St. Moritz, he won the coveted Curzon Cup three times, last month beat a 19-year-old for the Coronation Cup. "Brab" still golfs in the 70s and heads Britain's PGA. A friend of the Wright brothers, he was the first Englishman to fly, and served as minister of aircraft production in World War II.

VALERIE STEEL

Valerie Steel of San Francisco is not yet 3, but she has already mastered the Australian crawl and is learning the backstroke and breast stroke. She was taught to swim as a precaution after she began imitating racing dives and had to be fished out of pools twice. Says Valerie candidly: "I like the water very much, and if I don't go in the pool every day I get dehydrated."



Judge Joins Mob!

68th in a Series
of *Nash* ads
by Ed Zern

WELL, THIS COP hauled this pickpocket into court and said, "Your Honor, I just caught him working a crowd down the street."

"What kind of a crowd?" said the judge.

"There's a big mob of people at an auto dealer's showroom," said the cop, "but I didn't stay to find out why."

"Durned if I know why people hang around them places," said the judge. "Did you catch this bird with the loot on him?"

"You bet!" said the cop. "Four wallets, seven shotgun shells, three gold watches, two busting knives, a cherry bobber, a dog-training collar, six fountain pens, a dozen snuffed books, five—"

"Yike!" said the judge. "The new Nashes! Court's dismissed—gangway!"

And so everybody including the prisoner rushed down to the Nash Dealer's to see the 1955 Ambassador V-8 and Statesman models with sensational new styling, new air conditioning and a whole slew of other exciting features plus Twin Travel Beds, Airliner Reclining Seats, huge luggage compartment and all the rest of Nash's famous special-for-sportsmen advantages.

This time the pickpocket got five wallets, a popper plug and the judge's crow call.

MORAL

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.



Red Motor Division,
American Motors Corporation,
Detroit 25, Michigan

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**There's been a lot
of talk about
anti-intellectualism.
Are you anti-intellectual?**

EDDIE ENDELATZ, U.S. Naval Academy

Football coach



"I'm not anti-intellectual. But a sound athletic program helps the academic in developing healthy minds and bodies. At the USNA, high intellectual requirements come first. However, athletics helps to mold into character the resourcefulness and teamwork required of our future leaders."

YOSI BERRA, N.Y. Yankees

Catcher



"Anti-intellectualism? Never heard of it. Am I an anti-intellectual? Who cares? If a guy wants to be a genius, that's his business. It won't help his batting average. My business is to be the top catcher and batter in the league. I like comics and I'm crazy about Jackie Gleason on TV."

LED DURSCHER, N.Y. Giants

Manager



"Anti-intellectualism! What's that? Don't let this dinner jacket fool you. I love the comics and westerns. Sometimes I read a good book to impress Laraine. And I read everything on sports that I lay my hands on. That includes *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. If that makes me anti-intellectual, okay."

PETE KORUT, Brown University

All-Ivy League quarterback



"Of course I'm not. Brown's faculty puts a great store on intellectualism. The only really new college course in years, 'The Identification and Criticism of Ideas' was the brilliant contribution of the late Bruce M. Bigelow, vice president of Brown. Perhaps athletics has gone a bit too far."

HORACE STONERHAM, N.Y. Giants

President



"Somewhat. That applies to too much education. A little knowledge is dangerous if improperly used. But too much education is more dangerous if it is impractical. Many are swayed by it. Robert M. Hutchins, who hasn't forgotten the 'boy wonder' tag is an example of impractical intellect."

DAZZY VANCE, Hall of Fame

Former Brooklyn pitcher



"In baseball, you get old too quick and smart too late. We had to make college boys over. I'm anti-intellectual in that respect."

The great Joe Jackson who couldn't read, was asked to spell a simple word. Instead, he hit a long triple. He grinned and asked: "How do you spell triple?"

JOE DOMAGGIO, Hall of Fame

Former Yankee outfielder



"No. I'm not an intellectual, which everyone knows. But I'm not anti-anybody or anything, which some people don't know. I can get along with anyone. I may seem reserved, but I like people and I want them to like me. When they don't, I figure there's something wrong with me, not them."

WILLIE MAYS, N.Y. Giants

Outfielder



"I've never heard of it, but I think I know what you mean. That anti-guy thinks that a man with a lot of book-learning who doesn't know how to use it is an upstart. Maybe he's right. Books won't teach you baseball. You do that naturally, like throwing to the right base without thinking."

AL LOPEZ, Cleveland Indians

Manager



"I haven't heard of anti-intellectualism. Neither am I anti-intellectual. Many college boys like Ralph Kiner, Alvin Dark, Al Reynolds and Al Rosen have raised the intellectual level and sports level of pro baseball. Why should any people in baseball be anti-intellectual?"

STEVE OWEN, Ossipee, N.Y.

Former pro football coach



"I once had a great intellectual play football for me. The lesson he learned on the football field saved him. The dreamy intellectual, with too much impractical learning, is usually a selfish person. He remains aloof from the ordinary mortals. Am I anti-intellectual? I'm pro-football."

LOU LITTLE, Columbia University

Football coach



"There are different degrees of intellectualism. I'm partial to the practical type. I think that Dr. Grayson Kirk, president of Columbia, is a practical intellectual. So is President Eisenhower. My staff and I try to develop good athletes without retarding their mental development."

**NEXT WEEK'S
QUESTION:**

Should a race-horse owner run his horse for experience and not to win?



No Trick to It!

There's no trick to picking America's favorite Scotch Whisky. "Most everyone knows Black & White tops the list because its quality and character never change."

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The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 50% PROOF



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THAT OLD KENTUCKY EYE

More than most, the Selvy's of Corbin seem to have it when it comes to hitting the basket. First there was Frank; now comes brother Edd

CORBIN, Ky.

In Georgia the peach is the thing but in Kentucky what counts most is the basket the peach is packed in. The reason is that from Paintsville in the east to Paducah in the west there are probably more sawed-off peach baskets nailed to boards in backyards than you could blow a basketball referee's whistle at. And that has a lot to do with the accepted fact that Kentucky somehow seems to come up with more fine young basketball players than most other places.

One of the real golden boys from this All-American hoop area in recent years was a dribble-jump-throw master named Frank Selvy who showed up at Furman University in Greenville, S.C. in 1956, out of a little town in southeastern Kentucky—Corbin. As practically everybody in the world now knows, Frank led the nation's college basketball scorers last year with 1,299 points, a 41.7 average per game. If you count Rio Grande's Bevo Francis, he was second to a 1,255, 44.5 average. But the difference in competition faced was considerable. Anyway, out of Corbin this year comes a second Selvy, Frank's kid brother Edd, who is a story in his own right. In fact, Edd has a high school record that tops famous Frank's in quite a few ways.

FACETS OF PROMISE

Edd (who decided to spell it with two d's for no good reason that he can remember) is a 17-year-old Corbin High senior, who at present leans toward a scholarship at the University of Kentucky—the U. of K. usually being to intercollegiate basketball what the N.Y. Yanks are to the American League.

According to Harry Taylor, the Corbin High coach who raised both Selvy's from a peach basket, Edd is not only the chief reason why Corbin (student body 380) sported an 8-6 record halfway through the schedule, he's also got certain facets of promise that Frank didn't have in high school.

Edd made the varsity his freshman year; Frank finally made it his junior



BIG BROTHER WATCHED at Corbin when Edd (right) played host to Frank.

year. Edd, senior year, is 6 feet tall, weighs 174 pounds; Frank, upon graduation, was also around 6 feet but weighed only 151 pounds. (When he finished four years at Furman, Frank had shot up to 6 feet 3 inches and 190 pounds.)

Coach Taylor is pretty fond of both boys, but he says that Edd is a more aggressive player. To back this up, he points out that Edd frequently steals out of a game while the more conservative Frank did that just once in high school. This indicates a drive on the slightly burning side. However, the coach of the Selvy brothers says Frank could jump rings around Edd.

As kids, Frank and Edd had baskets hanging all over the backyard. They used spare moments to skim basketballs through them the way some people use such moments to skim through

the pages of the *Reader's Digest*. By the time Big Frank was playing with Corbin High, Edd was busy with a team of rinky-dinks down at the Y.M.C.A. Sometimes Frank went down there and gave Edd tips on how to make that left-handed dropshot.

SHARPENED BY A FAMOUS BROTHER

By his sophomore year at Corbin High, Edd realized he had a famous brother on his hands. It didn't bother him any because he knew he had the old Kentucky eye in measuring a hoop for size. And every Christmas, when Frank came home for the holidays, he worked out with the kid brother, sharpening him up every way he could.

Frank kept getting more famous and Edd kept getting better local notices. He made All-Conference guard in the '53-'54 season and this year he made 32 points in one game, his all-time top, against Lily (Ky.) High. His coach says Edd has really come a long way in his basketball development since last year.

His passing is much more sure and accurate. His defensive work is now very consistent—he's learned to watch his man and follow him like a hawk after a hen, where he used to get entranced watching the ball, letting the man roam wild.

Frank's college, Furman, came after Edd two years ago. That was unusual because normally a college lets a player alone until he's finished his senior season. Maybe the name Selvy, which has a special ring to it at Furman, had something to do with it. But Edd said he'd see. He likes it nearer home (U. of K. is only 85 miles from Corbin) and also, Kentucky is where basketball is played just about the best.

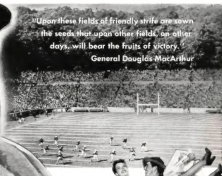
Edd isn't likely to be the last of the Selvy's to be heard from in the basketball world. There are four more behind him—aged 6 to 12. They're busy now, taking dead aim at the peach baskets. How far the name of Selvy will travel nobody knows, not even in Corbin. Like Old Man River, it just seems to keep rolling along.

—DUANE DECKER

Emblazoned in the Annals of Sport...

the glorious record of the great West Point teams! Here is the story of 50 years of West Point through the eyes of Sergeant Marty Maher. He knew them all, from Oliphant to the Blanchard-

Davis combo including a varsity half-back the boys called Ike! He watched them go from the football field to the battlefield! He was proud of every one of them—and you will be, too!



"Upon these fields of friendly strife are sown the seeds that upon other fields, on other days, will bear the fruits of victory."

General Douglas MacArthur



TYRONE POWER
MAUREEN O'HARA

A
COLUMBIA
PICTURE

in JOHN FORD'S



THE LONG GRAY LINE

Co-starring Robert Francis • Donald Crisp • Ward Bond • Betsy Palmer • Phil Carey

Screen Play by EDWARD HOPE • Based upon "Bringing Up the Brass", by Marty Maher and Nardi Reader Campion • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR • Directed by JOHN FORD

CINEMASCOPE

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE accident which on January 30 came to Jill Kinmont, holder of the women's National Junior and Senior slalom titles, was among the saddest in sports history. As most of our readers know, Jill lost control during her run in the Snow Cup giant slalom at Alta, Utah, when she hit an icy bump too fast, sailed many feet into the air, hit a tree, a spectator, and finally came to a stop, paralyzed and insensitive from the neck down.

Alta ski patrolmen were among the first to reach the fallen skier. Olympic Champion Andrea Mead Lawrence, who had made her own run earlier in the race, watched Jill's crash with horror, joined her as she was being lifted into the ambulance and went with her to the Salt Lake City Hospital. Later in Washington, D.C., Mrs. Lawrence recounted the story to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Assistant Managing Editor Dick Johnston and spoke of the courage and uncomplaining stoicism with which this young champion, even in shock, faced quite quickly the truth and seriousness of her mishap.

Jill Kinmont has been in the hospital ever since. The first few days, of life or death, have fortunately passed. Her hospitalization, however, will be long and costly. Now the question remains whether Jill will ever regain control of those bodily skills which led this country's experts to regard her chances for success in the Winter Olympics with such high hopes.

Immediately after the accident, readers of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED from all over the nation began writing to express their sympathy and to inquire if a fund existed to defray Jill's medical expenses.

The fund exists, organized by the Far West Ski Association. Contributions may be sent to the Jill Kinmont Fund, Far West Ski Association, Executive Offices, Huntington Hotel, Pasadena, California.

When she learned of the drive, Jill asked that any amount received beyond that necessary for her care be donated to the Olympic Games Fund. According to all the reports, that request seems to me most characteristic of a most optimistic and courageous young lady.

Harry Phillips

Jill Kinmont Fund
For the Olympic Games
Executive Offices
Huntington Hotel
Pasadena, California

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Subscription Rates: 1 yr. \$7.50, U.S., Canada
and active military personnel anywhere in the
world; all other subscriptions, 1 yr., \$9.
Please address all correspondence concerning
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial and advertis-
ing matters to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Bar-
clay Place, New York 20, N.Y.

Please address all subscription correspondence
to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 548 N. Michigan
Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Changes of address re-
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That's what basketball may look like to millions who see it only on a bottle—if scintillating—patina of memories. But, says GERALD ARTOF, beneath the surface is a fluid rhythm, perfect discipline and split-second timing which make it one of the most exciting of all sports

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Down in Florida is the kind of school kids dream of—where they don't only baseball. JAMES T. FARRBELL tells the story of the ropes and heartbreak of being major league prospects as they strive for greatness

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The rewards of a secret world beneath the ice of a frozen lake; the explosive excitement of sporting a fish that takes you here after long hours of waiting. By ROBERT OLSON

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The golf resorts of North America—experts laid out, carefully landscaped in settings of natural beauty—often present scenes of real beauty as well as competitive challenges. SI here presents a portfolio of some outstanding golf holes **IN COLOR**

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COVER: Wildcat scramble for posies

Photograph by MARK KAUFFMAN

Here racing fans, who are accustomed to nerve-racking thrills at the finish line, don't have too many chances to see the close-up excitement as the field breaks from the starting gate. At Hialeah recently, SI's photographer Mark Kauffman focused his camera on the field just as it started past the stand in the first rush for position during a distance race. For more news of Hialeah, turn to page 13.

Arts and Sports photos on page 50

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

MR. RICKEY AND THE GAME

For the first time, the father of modern baseball voices his thoughts about a lifetime spent in the game—what baseball is to America, what it has meant to him, the great players he has known, the far-reaching issues he has faced. A unique word portrait by GERALD HOLLAND

THE WORLD OF WINTER GOLF

The men and the action on professional golf's annual tournament swing from California to the Atlantic—and, no less important, an intimate album of their lives on the road with wives and families. An SI report by HERBERT WARREN WIND with pictures by RICHARD MEEK

PLUS: WILD FLAMINGOS IN THEIR NATIVE HABITAT—IN COLOR

CALIFORNIA GETS A GLEAM

Swaps, a home-bred son of the Golden State, wins the first great classic of the 3-year-old season

THE Southern California sky was cloudless, the temperature was in the balmy 90s, and a benign sun shone down on the palm-girdled oval of the Santa Anita race track. In the stands 49,000 people watched in absorbed concentration as the 14 3-year-olds paraded to the post for the seventh race. For the seventh at Santa Anita last Saturday was more than just another horse race: it was the \$100,000 Santa Anita Derby, the first of 1955's series of classic tests of 3-year-old horseflesh.

May's Kentucky Derby and Preakness, June's Belmont Stakes still lie weeks ahead. But—between then and now—horsemen and racing fans everywhere will be sitting in judgment on a whole new generation of glistening bays, browns, grays and chestnuts. At Santa Anita last week the 49,000 were out to watch the youngsters measure each other for purpose and heart.

As the horses moved to the starting gate the crowd scanned their favorites: the Calumet Farms' colt Tren-tonian, sired by the great Bull Lea and affectionately tagged by Calumet trainer Jimmy Jones, "an honest

little fella"; the powerful but willful Blue Ruler, owned by the wives of Texas Millionaire Clint Marchison and Wofford Cain; and Blue Ruler's talented stablemate Jean's Joe.

But, California being California, most of the 49,000 had a special affection for a golden chestnut with the unpropitious name of Swaps. California Owner Rex Ellisworth not only maintains his stables at the Ellisworth Ranch in California but Swaps himself is California-bred and trained. You have to delve back to 1922—and the great brown Morvich—to find a California-bred horse that ever won the Kentucky Derby. Californians devotedly watch for signs and portents of another.

When the Santa Anita Derby was over last Saturday, it was Swaps in the winner's circle, and Californians had a gleam in the eye.

Swaps was second choice in the betting and was supposed to be a shade inferior in natural talent to the McCain Stable's Blue Ruler. But Blue Ruler finished a rather dismal third, thanks to the fact that he has trouble keep-

COMING OFF THE BACKSTRETCH AND INTO THE FAR TURN, JOCKEY JIMMY LONGSHEN TAKES SWAPS INTO THE LEAD FOR GOOD.



IN THE EYE

by JIM MURRAY

ing his mind on his work and appeared to think the whole thing a proper lark. Swaps, on the other hand, seems to be as heartily conscientious about his work as his owner Res Ellsworth and his trainer Melbaek Tenney, who are devout Mormons both. Swaps allowed himself no falderol. His mind was on business all the way.

Surprisingly, after the race, Trainer Tenney and Owner Ellsworth gravely allowed that Swaps owed his success altogether to the good life and holding the good thought. Bequeath, a 3-year-old stablemate of Swaps which ran far down the track (fifth), is really much better when the devil isn't in him, they said. Unfortunately, it is in him most of the time and Tenney confided: "Bequeath outruns Swaps, and if he had Swaps's willingness and ambition he would be a great horse. But he isn't as good-natured."

Blue Ruler is good-natured enough—till he gets on the track. Then he appears to regard the jockey as an unnecessary annoyance on an otherwise perfect afternoon for no outing, like a governess at a dance, something to give

continued on next page

VICTORY WAS SWAPS'S RIGHT. LONGBORN'S FOURTH BERRY WIN

FEBRUARY 28, 1955

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED





ARCHERMOVES BY HALF A LENGTH WITH JEAN'S JOE. PART OF FAVORITE MURCINMENTRY: ALSHOEMAKER TAKES SHEN MONLY ON BLUE RULER

SANTA ANITA DERBY overboard

the slip to. Even the great Willie Shoemaker couldn't keep his horse's mind on the main chance and redoubled sadly after the race. "I had a helluva time. He ran all over the place. He was awful green, he was awful green. At the three-eighth pole he was trying to duck in behind horses." Next to jumping shadows, playing hide-and-go-seek with the rest of the field is probably the racing technique least likely to succeed. Railbirds think Blue Ruler, which has raced only twice since last September, is pampered too much.

Blue Ruler, of course, may mind his ways. There may be nothing wrong with him that hard knocks in competition with a few four-footed Dead End kids won't cure. Last year's Santa Anita Derby winner, Determine, which went on to win the Kentucky Derby, was no such pampered darling and had already had enough racing for the year by the time he won the Santa Anita 3-year-old classic. But Determine, owned by an automobile dealer of modest circumstances as far as horse owners go, was running for the rent. Blue Ruler doesn't really need the money and his swollen-walletted owners picked him up at the same time they picked up a few other valuable pieces of bric-a-brac, such as the New York Central Railroad.

Swaps was not born with a silver bit in his mouth. Rex Ellsworth was a working Arizona cowboy who was in the saddle 16 hours a day when he started his stable with a 50-dollar mare he wasn't sure he wanted. This is the first \$100,000 race he has won.

Where Blue Ruler's sire is international royalty, the great Aga Khan Irish stud, Nasrullah, Swaps's is the hard-working Khaleel. Nasrullah may have sired bluer bloods but Khaleel sired the most winners of anybody last year, 86 winners of 156 races, earning \$427,736. Like his son, Khaleel keeps his mind on business.

Before the race, Trainer Tenney had a few guarded words of instruction for

Jockey Johnny Longden: "I'm not gonna tell you how to ride a horse, Johnny, but I will tell you two things: lay behind the early pace as long as you want to, and when the time comes he wants to run, let him run, and keep him running."

The time came at the far turn. Swaps was running a leisurely third behind a colt named Right Down and his black-sheep stablemate, Bequeath. Blue Ruler was a floundering sixth at the time, trying to get Jockey

Shoemaker to quit bothering him. Swaps barreled ahead and was in front by three lengths at the far turn. It was then that Blue Ruler's overlooked stablemate, another Nasrullah colt, Jean's Joe, decided it was up to him. He made a run at the leader Swaps and, thanks to an adroit ride by Jockey Eddie Arcare who swivel-hipped him through the entire field, he was a well-placed second by two lengths in the stretch.

Swaps came into the turn like a scut ball—way wide but fast. Jean's Joe almost hooked up with him but they swept down the stretch and across the finish line like an amateur-night dance team—never entirely in step. Swaps scrambled across an all-important half-length in front.

California was determined not to throw hate in the air—too many California-breds have failed in the Kentucky Derby—but the gleam in the eye was there. The Los Angeles Times ran the news on page one and proudly underlined the happy truth: "The winner . . . is strictly a California product." The Los Angeles *Krusader* came right out and said it: "Next stop—Kentucky."

The United Press appraiser was quick to draw a comparison between Swaps and another onetime hero of the West—the California-bred Year Host. But this was an awkward memory, for after Year Host led the 1950 Kentucky Derby field through a record-breaking first mile, he slowed down sufficiently in the last quarter to allow eight other horses, led by a Texas character named Middleground, to blaze by and beat him to the wire.

Owner Ellsworth and Trainer Tenney issued a cautious cut-out. Kentucky? Yes—provided Swaps continues to come along in the right fashion. "They are committed in their own mind," reported the Los Angeles *Mirror*, "not to let down the class of California racing by entering a possible 'also ran.'" Rex Ellsworth and the rest of California have not quite forgotten Year Host.



OWNER REX ELLSWORTH

The owner of Santa Anita Derby winner Swaps has acquired, since the days when he worked as a \$10-a-week ranch hand on his father's Suffolk, Ariz. ranch, both a thorough knowledge of breeding and a phenomenal eye for good conformation. These assets make Rex Ellsworth, 46, today's most successful California breeder.

Ellsworth started the climb up in 1933 with a round trip to the Lexington, Ky. sales in a rented truck and \$400, which went for six mares and two stallions. After the war he went abroad with an eye to buying the stallion Nasrullah, settled finally on the Aga Khan's Khaleel, a son of Hyperion, for a reported \$60,000. Since then Khaleel has sired winners of \$1,000,000, including, besides Swaps, the West Coast star Correspond (total earnings: \$282,167). If Ellsworth leaves his Ontario, Calif. ranch to bring Swaps to this year's Kentucky Derby he will bring with him a relaxed manner and a set of quiet habits. Should Swaps win the big race, Ellsworth will leave the mistle-poop celebrating to the accompanying Californians. He doesn't drink.

NEXT: THE FLAMINGO

Saturday's race will measure the Florida 3-year-olds

by ALBION HUGHES

In Florida newspapers this week the results of the Santa Anita Derby made a medium-size inside story. Not that Florida racing fans don't care about a \$100,000 horse race, even if it's in California. But their own winter racing season is just approaching its peak, and your Florida man likes to believe that the real pick of the young 3-year-old crop will be running this Saturday at Hialeah.

The Florida man has a case. For, on hand at Miami—and dominating the cast of characters in the \$100,000 Flamingo Stakes—is the big, glittering, mahogany colt Nashua, acclaimed by turf writers as the best 3-year-old of 1954. And that's not all. Among the cast assembled for the big race is the homely but arresting little plebeian, Boston Dogs. This unprepossessing-looking colt with a comedian's head actually looks his best from behind, where his sturdy strength lies. But he is unbeaten in eight starts and the main question is not how he looks but whether he can go the distance.

To date he has not been seriously tested beyond seven furlongs, i.e., seven-eighths of a mile, but for that matter neither has Nashua. Each has his circle of doubters and touters. However, Nashua was bred by his owner, the late William Woodward, for the sole purpose of winning the English Derby at a mile and a half.

Six weeks ago when the Florida campaign started, the list of Flamingo aspirants was large. By last week, however, parts had been assigned to only 12 characters which have shown sufficient promise in earlier races to give their owners some slight hope that they stand a chance in the big race.

But all eyes will be following Nashua and Boston Dogs at the track—and on the first nation-wide TV program of the year for 3-year-olds next Saturday. Nashua will be ridden by Eddie Arcene, a leading man in his own right, who will be after his third Flamingo. Boston Dogs will have the comparative newcomer, Willie Hartack, who hates to lose any race and has yet to win a really big stake in his spectacular

riding career. Arcene's main task will be to see that Nashua doesn't loaf once he gets to the front—a habit he had as a 2-year-old, but which his trainer, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, says he has outgrown.

A WORKOUT WHILE

The muscled big colt has been turning in some sensational morning works at a mile. His chief rival, Boston Dogs, on the other hand, has been almost astonishingly unimpressive at the same distance. However, the skinny Bostonian with the sleepy air—it's actually hard to get a picture of him with his eyes open—has one tremendous burst of speed which he can apparently turn on anywhere in a race. If he turns it on at the right moment in the Flamingo he might beat the champ.

Of course, because anything is possible in a horse race, a minor character might come along and steal the show while everyone is concentrating on the two stars. Hasty House Farm's Prince Noor, winner of the Everglades, can't be ignored completely. Racing lack

comes in bunches and right now his stable is the hottest thing in Florida. Their Hasty Road made off with the Widener last week, taking it from under the noses of Brookmeade's Capeador and Alfred Vanderbilt's Social Outcast. Then there's Cup Man, which runs his race in the stretch, and Saratoga, with his sizzling speed. The others might be said to have walk-on parts.

Although the Flamingo is important in determining which horses have staying power, it would be an error of judgment to have all hopes for the Triple Crown classics on it. Only two Flamingo winners, Lavrin in 1938 and Citation 10 years later, have gone on to win the Kentucky Derby. One reason is that until recently top 3-year-olds did not go in for winter racing.

But, even though the Flamingo is the main go-round for the sophomores at Hialeah, I should like to point out that the curtain has not yet fallen on the winter racing drama. There are a dozen or more characters waiting in the wings which won't get a chance to play their parts until the Florida Derby at Gulfstream. Some of them are foreign horses which will make their American debut at this track and will try for the \$100,000. They will, of course, hope for excels later in the season.

Then, too, there is a colt named Roman Patrol, awaiting his turn in the Louisiana Derby.

But the Flamingo is the top event in the big tent this week, and the winner is pretty certain to be the early winter-book favorite for the Derby. (E.H.H.)



BOSTON DOGS may be giving the horse laugh to Trainer Frank Anderson after win-

ning night straight and setting himself up as the horse Nashua has to beat Saturday.



INJURIES on some play strike Willie Miranda, kneeling in anguish over gashed



hand, and Ruben Gomez, who glared 1980s after he sprained his finger stopping ball.

PERILS OF WINTER BALL

Baseball in the Caribbean area is exciting, but for some Big Leaguers it has its pitfalls.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KATZMAN

MANHATTAN, N.Y. Baseball players flock eagerly to the Caribbean Sea each winter, but not to be in the sun. They go there on business, and their business is baseball. Winter leagues operate in Puerto Rico, Cuba, Panama and Venezuela. Schedules are light, travel limited and the general caliber of play not quite up to major league standards. All in all, winter baseball seems like a soft pipe to an accomplished Big Leaguer: extra cash without too much extra effort.

This year, led by Willie Mays, more Yankee players than ever before raced for the Latin pass. They found it no soft

touch. The Caribbean teams played hell-for-leather baseball, and a major leaguer had to play at his best all the time to stay with them and to keep the sharp-eyed, sharper-souled fans off his neck. Injuries, frayed nerves and weariness were common occupational diseases. Willie Mays groaned that he was "tired of baseball," fought with teammate Ruben Gomez and sank into a dismal slump at the start of the Caribbean Series at Caracas. Willie came out of the slump in midseason, and he's looking good now, but the fact remained: winter baseball is serious business, and the Big Leaguer who plays it runs serious risks.

RABID FANS wear baseball caps, stand on seats, wave arms and yell at players and umpires alike. The rowdiness is not always

Photographer Mark Katzman: "It was a long year, but I should be surprised that I'm going to be able to finish it."





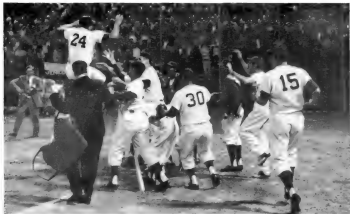
**TOO MUCH BASEBALL SOURED WILLIE MAYS, HERE
STRIKING OUT. FOR HAPPIER MAYS, TURN PAGE...**



... WILLIE FINALLY BELTS ONE

The restless El Naniño told Venezuelan fans, "You just HAVE TO SEE him," when Mays came to play in Caracas. But Willie made out 12 straight times, and the fans began to like him. With the

score tied 3-2 in the 11th inning of the third game, it was a grin Willie Mays who came to bat. He took a ball, feuded one back and then swung viriliously, digging his body into the pitch (short). In swelling satisfaction he watched the ball sail over second base and into the center-field stands for the game-winning home run.



... AND NO. 24 IS UP AGAIN

Moments later, it was the old Willie, the hero, high on his teammates' shoulders, his arms raised joyfully. The home run started him on a rampage. He collected 11 hits in 13 at bats as he and his

teammates, Puerto Rican teammates won the six-game series. By the series' end Willie had racked up two home runs, two triples, nine runs batted in and a .440 batting average. But even with the happy ending, a weary Willie Mays asserted that he wasn't going to play winter baseball in the Caribbean next year.

SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS INVESTIGATE THE SOURCE OF SOME CANINE CACOPHONY.

DISCOVER SOME BRIGHT SPOTS IN THE BOXING JUNGLE AND EXAMINE

SOME DOODLING ABOUT FOOTBALL'S NEW PLANS TO TELEVISION ITSELF

Dog days at the Garden

DANDY DINMONTS wanted upstairs in ring seven, please?" boomed the loudspeaker above the din. Down in the basement of Madison Square Garden 2,537 dogs of 105 breeds snapped, snarled or slept on their benches, sending up a cacophony of canine noise that deafened the ears. A terrified-looking little old lady tightly holding a terrified toy dog threaded her way through the jostling crowd of dogs and people. "They'll never get me to come again," she said with conviction.

True to form and with its normal healthy complement of complaints and confusion, the 79th staging of the nation's most important dog show—the Westminster—got under way last week. Upstairs in the green-carpeted judging rings all was quiet; winners were modest and losers seemed brave. But down below where the stale air, the noise and the waiting wore on the nerves of man and dog alike, feelings were stripped of pretense. Victors glowered openly, the vanquished grained and the dogs exploded into a yowling bedlam. There were all kinds of dogs in all kinds of moods; sad dogs and happy dogs. There were busy dogs; dogs casting free food samples; dogs having their portraits painted and being photographed; dogs asleep; dogs being groomed and powdered, scolded and praised.

Suddenly a rumor bigger than the rest bounced across the basement—"The Duke and Duchess of Windsor are here!" They had been discovered unaccountably incognito and unattended in the pug section, happily chatting with the line of knitting ladies in charge of the pups.

"We own two, you know," said the duke pleasantly, speaking of his pet pups, Trooper and Dixie. The ladies of the pug section beamed. "Go everywhere with us, they do," added the duke. His Highness leaned over and tickled a sour-faced pug under the chin with approving familiarity. He should not have done it. It was the

signal. "Ooh! . . . mine too!" came the ecstatic squeals. Cages were flung open, pets plucked up and bosom-borne hopefully toward the laying on of royal hands. The duchess made the first move to get out and, apologizing, they hurried to the sanctuary of a ringside box.

Just before midnight on the second day a barrel-chested building named Kippas Fearsought came out of its continuous sleep long enough to be picked as best dog in the show (see page 25). Thankfully, as the winner lumbered off to a TV show, the rest of the dogs and their owners went home. By the time the white-coated cleaners had moved in, the Garden engineer's cat was out of hiding and the basement was back to normal.

Jungle report

BOXING COMMISSIONS in two states distinguished themselves last week, one by getting fired and the other by reacting instantly to the magic of a name.

The fired commission was Pennsylvania's, where Governor George M. Leader ousted its three members entire in the first step of his crusade to clean up boxing. Then, one by one, he began dropping shoes, their thuds echoing hollowly in the office of Herman (Muggsy) Taylor, Philadelphia promoter for the International Boxing Club (James D.

Norris, President, and Frank (Blinky) Palermo, entrepreneur).

The governor's first shoe was Sleepy Jim Crowley, one of Notre Dame's Four Horsemen, lately selling anthracite and helping run a Scranton television station. The governor appointed Jim to the boxing commission with intimations that he would be chosen chairman.

The next shoe was reminiscent of the appointment of Julius Helland, Brooklyn racket buster, to chairmanship of the New York commission. Governor Leader picked a racket buster as second member of the Pennsylvania commission—Alfred M. Klein, who was a top investigator for the Kefauver Crime Investigating Committee.

At week's end, Governor Leader was holding aloft another shoe, appointment of the commission's third member, and the suspense was agonizing.

Crowley, more distinguished as a football player and coach than as a boxer—he did some amateur fighting in precollege days—said, "The governor wants us to do a good job and see that boxing is run on a high scale, and we intend to do that."

In another part of the jungle, the New York Athletic Commission listened to the tearful plea of Charlie Brown, a 28-year-old former fighter who wanted back the boxing license he had allowed to lapse in 1949. Chairman Helland pointed out that Brown's career included 19 bouts, of which he lost 17 and drew four.

"We do not believe," Helland said, "you have the prospects at your age for making a successful fighting career."

As Jesse Abramson wrote in the New York Herald Tribune, Brown "made an eloquent plea on his own behalf." He told how his early fighting had been without proper training, often on a day's notice.

"I was never knocked out," he said proudly. "I was just as tall then as I am now but I weighed only 162 pounds. . . . I went back to Florida to live with my mother. I built myself up. I'm now

confirmed as a real page



RIGHT DOWN MY ALLEY

Waaaaaawww! I extol,
I watch them quite a lot.
I like them for the frassus they bowl
And for the frassus they're got.

—Richard Armour

180 pounds. I'm bigger, stronger, more mature. I'll never fight unless I am in condition. ... If you give me a license, I'll prove I'm qualified to fight in my first fight or I'll turn my license back to you."

It was clear that Brown's appeal had warmed the commission's heart.

"If we give you a license, who will manage you?" Helfand asked softly. "Well, Blinky Palermo ..." Brown began.

"Decision of the commission not to grant you a license is affirmed," said Helfand.

Fox week

IT WAS A dispiriting week for foxhounds. In Newton Abbot, England, the hounds of the South Devon Hunt chased a fox through a backyard and over a five-foot wall only to land en masse in the River Lerton while



the fox, undoubtedly grinning, huddled snugly in a bramble patch under the wall. All 16 hounds might have drowned in the swift-running stream but for some girls who helped pull them out. (The Masters of the Hunt had to buy them new nylon to replace hose torn in the rescue.)

In Lawsonville, N.C., Judy and Lead, two of the best hounds in the district, chased a fox into an abandoned mine. Three hounds which went in with them came out, but Judy and Lead were trapped, apparently having fallen into one of the vertical shafts. They could be heard barking, far inside under the hill. Their owners, Carlos Martin and Lesell Hawks, enlisted the help of neighbors and friends, dug into the crumbling old mine for a long, dangerous week and finally rescued the dogs, which were thin and hungry but otherwise in good shape.

The fox? No one had seen him for a week, but he was probably writing a cheerful letter to his cousin in Newton Abbot.

MS. found in an ashtray

EVERY SOUND intelligence organization maintains on its staff a security officer whose duty it is to go about after meetings collecting scraps of paper for burning. This is not due so much to a love of tidiness as to the fact that generals, admirals and diplomats are given to doodling while they work and doodles can reveal the innermost secrets of a man, sometimes the secrets of an organization.

In the case of the National Collegiate

Athletic Association, troubled with inner unrest and attempting to solve its problems in star chamber proceedings, it appeared this week that two organizational needs stood out:

1. A football television plan which will satisfy everyone.
2. A doodle-burner.

Attempting to meet the first need, the NCAA talked for two days last week in Chicago's monolithic University Club, where 12 members of its television committee dozed pots of coffee and littered a long conference table with well-filled ashtrays. Objective: to hammer out a compromise plan, acceptable to all and pleasing to none.

The NCAA's "Game-of-the-Week" system (SI, Jan. 10), under which one game has been telecast nationally each week, has displaced Notre Dame (see p. 62), the Big Ten and the Pacific Coast Conferences, which have felt that a bigger share of TV money would go to them under a system of regional telecasts. The Big Ten threatened to pull out of NCAA unless such a method, or acceptable compromise, was adopted.

Conditions of maximum "no comment" security prevailed after the meetings. It was announced only that a plan had been agreed on "in principle" and would be sent on March 2 to member colleges and allied conferences for a mail referendum. What the plan was, no one would say.

But someone had doodled. And no one had burned the scraps. A man with an eye for doodles observed that one conference had scribbled plaintively: "Taxis are scarce around here." Another had jotted down the dates of all Saturdays this fall and written "National" beside two of the dates. And a third had written "Regional" across the top of his paper and under it inked in the dates "Oct. 22, 29, Nov. 5, 12, 19." Beneath this was a line, then the word "National" and the dates "Sept. 17, 25, Oct. 1, 8, 15, Nov. 24, 26, Dec. 2."

A trained G-2 doodle man would know instantly what evaluation rating to give such scraps of information, but an amateur of doodles and a fan of football hoped to the conclusion that the third doodle was the important one. To him it spelled out the conclusion that the Big Ten had won a compromise providing that on five Saturdays this fall one football game may be telecast in each of the NCAA's eight regions and on all other Saturdays one "Game-of-the-Week" would be telecast nationally.

Actually, the Big Ten had wanted nine regionals and four nationals but had been expected to settle for less.

It appeared, because two of the dates, "Sept. 25" and "Oct. 17," were wrong (the Saturdays are September 24 and October 15), that the unknown scribe had jotted them down in a hurry.

The doodle interpretation was presented to Douglas R. Mills, University of Illinois representative on the committee. As the dates were read off, Mills listened in stumped silence. Then he protested: "But we haven't announced anything yet!"

No announcement, perhaps, but doodling agency.

Push-button baseball

THE INTUITIVE decisions of Leo Durocher and Casey Stengel have, from time to time, astonished those who know the game intimately from a seat alongside first base but, in the main, Leo and Casey have done reasonably well. They have good averages.

There is now, however, a beginning groundswell in an area far removed from sport which some day may have a fall-out effect on the Polo Grounds and change the game into something new and different and very possibly terrifying. It is called Operations Research, which has been used to run hotels, railroads and Navy convoys. The question has been asked: Why not let Operations Research run baseball?

O.R., defined by one of its practitioners as "a general process of reconstructing specific methodologies," has been tried, very quietly, in at least two other sports—football and basketball. The science seems to have had its beginnings in the time-and-motion studies of Frederick W. Taylor, who loosed efficiency upon a world which up to his day had been just poking along, turning out a Rembrandt here, a Babe Ruth there.

The man who applied O.R. principles to football and basketball is Charles M. Mottley of the Department of Defense, a member of the



Operations Research Society of America. Mottley sees a relationship between football and ground combat in warfare, he thinks of basketball as "a simulation of aerial warfare" and finds baseball "analogous to a battle between two naval task forces." He claims that with O.R. a losing high school football team was turned into a winning team and that the same could be done with basketball.

Now comes Arthur D. Little, Inc. of Cambridge, Mass., head by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This is a successful and respected Operations Research organization whose specialists include chemists, physicists, mathematicians and Warren Beeg, an engineer who played baseball for Harvard, pitched for Scranton and Lynn in the Red Sox farm system, coached baseball at Harvard and MIT

and was a batting practice pitcher for the Boston Braves.

Berg believes O.R. and baseball ought to get together.

Writing in the company's *Industrial Affairs*, Berg pointed out that a baseball manager "makes over 100 crucial and conscious decisions during a two-hour game, and thus most managers 'play the percentage' rather than the hunch."

"Take the fairly common situation of the bases loaded with one out and the defensive team one run ahead," Berg wrote. "Should the infield be positioned back for a double play, in order to cut off the runner at the plate, or half way so that either is a possibility? Obviously, there are probabilities of success here, with each alternative based on many variables. Some of the variables can be controlled, such as the pitcher throwing curves or low balls to increase the odds of a ground ball being hit. . . ."

A brilliant young mathematician named R. Sherman Kingsbury, a member of the Arthur D. Little staff, believes O.R. could help the baseball game by tracking down factors that make people go to games or stay away; could solve the television problem by scientific analysis of TV's effects; or could even build an average player, by systematic promotion, into a national hero.

But he disagrees to some extent with Berg. He thinks the manager's instincts had better handle most baseball problems.

"If we attempted to furnish enough statistical information to guide strategy, losing by losing," Kingsbury says, "the manager would have to sit with a Univac at his elbow. That, I think, would be getting into the lunatic fringe of Operations Research."

It would, too. It would make Darcie the creature of a machine. It would take from baseball something which is pure and fine and noble, like Stengel's post-game explanations of what happened.

There is, however, a game which is played strictly according to Operations Research principles and was, indeed, designed to be so played. It is not played with ball or bat but with a machine known as a one-armed bandit. You put a coin in the slot and the machine plays against you. It generally wins, too.

Lures

RESCUE operators on the Columbia River have figured out a new bait for vacationing fishermen. They not only guarantee a couple of big salmon per angler, they have arranged with a cannery to put up the salmon with the fisherman's personal label on the can.

This is not all the salmon family has to look forward to. A couple of

University of Wisconsin professors have turned over to the Navy a patent on a method which, they say, may be used to divert fish to new spawning grounds.

The reason salmon return to their birthplace to spawn is that they want to spawn and are guided there by a nostalgic nose. Every stream has its own characteristic soil and vegetation and these impart to the water a particular smell, different from the odors of all other streams, thus making it possible for the salmon to recognize his birthplace.

The Wisconsin idea is to condition small-fry salmon to a special odor (anything from My Sin to sourmaish bourbon) in the hatchery. The fry would then be turned loose in the ocean to grow and fatten until it was time to entice them to a selected stream by doing it with the same odor the fish learned to love in the hatchery. The scent would be distributed over the fishes' migration path in such a way as to serve as a road map to the chosen river.

The idea is, of course, only in the small-fry stage, but it has been tried out with bluntnose minnows under laboratory conditions and worked out fine. The Navy's thought is that the system might be used to disperse schools of fish which disrupt sonar detection of submarines and mines.

Sooner or later man is going to prove that he is smarter than fish.

Something for the fan

THE CERTIMOS of the fight fan is a twofold work of nature. Like the incoming tide or a woman's riposte, it won't be turned aside. It overlaps itself at rare and irregular intervals which might be even rarer if it weren't for Middleweight Champion Carl Olson.

Boho, as the newspapers prefer to call him, was his usual dependable self when he turned up in Chicago last week for a routine appearance against a journeyman named Ralph (Tiger)

Jones. Displaying his familiar trademarks—a mustachioed frown, a gallery of tattoos embroidered on his arms and a fine skill for boxing, Olson again proved a sometimes questionable point: that there is a current champion who rates the label.

Jones, it might be said, is no proper test of a champ's mettle, and there would be few to argue. But he was fresh from last month's surprise upset over obsolescent Sugar Ray Robinson, and he went after Olson as if he had never heard of his own dismal record as a pugilist. Inching forward in a low-guard shuffle he spluttered the surprised and momentarily bewildered champion with a nonstop barrage of dangerous leather.

That was where Olson departed from the practice of most of his fellow champions of the moment. Faced with Jones's obviously determined aggression, Olson refused to play tangle-arm, to clown or otherwise to debase his trade for the safety of his record, now standing at 13 straight. Instead, Carl opened up with the kind of counter-punching reply that caused Joe Louis, another authentic champ, seated at ringside, to say: "It was the best first round I ever saw at a fight."

The pattern of that first round continued right to the end, when Olson received an undisputed decision. Perhaps it was not a fight for posterity to remember. Perhaps Olson is no Stanley Ketchel or Harry Greb or Ray Robinson. But he is a champion who respects his profession, plays it like a professional and keeps the fans' optimism from starving to death.

Obedience

WARNING to coaches who try to keep their teams from running up one-sided scores against weak but respected opponents: Arthur Tubbs, a teacher and basketball coach at Inland Lakes High, Hugh School, instructed his team to "hold down the score," got beaten 45-3 and lost his coaching job.



DESIGN FOR ANARCHY

by GERALD ASTOR

Professional basketball—sampled here in full-color action—may look like chaos, but it calls for fluid variations as precise and calculated as the mathematics of a Bach fugue

THE last time somebody stopped to take count there were 29 million people playing basketball around the world and 90 million others watching games. Despite these huge numbers of interested parties basketball's fascination remains a mystery to millions of other normally sports-minded individuals. Sports Columnist John Lardner, speaking for many of them, recently classified basketball as a "back-and-forth goal game with a built-in stall or spatter" and having as much fascination as a "leaky faucet."

To the uninitiated the above critique seems justified. The game does appear to be a confused script for 10 performers, punctuated by a bouncing, rolling, flying ball which sometimes goes through the basket and sometimes does not. When the game is over there is no smashing finale of a home run with the bases loaded to remember; there is no hair-raising 80-yard run to be rerun for years; there is no single rock in the jaw to reflect upon; there is no readily apparent "moment of truth" to cherish.

Basketball lovers are apt to choke up when called on for defense testimony—or drift into metaphor. They have been known to argue that their game differs from other games as much as music differs from painting—and they have a point.

For the essence of good basketball is a fluid rhythm with the underlying mathematical symmetry of a fugue by Johann Sebastian Bach. What to the spectator may seem merely hectic anarchy is designed to be a smoothly integrated pattern demanding dexterity, endurance, fine timing and continuous, split-second appraisal of percentages and alternatives.

In its most primitive state basketball is practiced by youngsters using a city street for a court and a peach basket hanging from a telephone-pole spike. At the other end of the scale are the 90 men in the professional Nation-



BOB COUSY of Celtics chats with coach, Arnold (left) Auerbach, in dressing room.

al Basketball Association, the best of the 20 million players. A color camera catching them in a glittering arena like Madison Square Garden (*see following pages*) transforms a few of the many peak points in the complex geometric patterns of the game.

Best of the professionals is Bob Cousy, 27, a onetime star at Holy Cross who is now in his fifth year with the Boston Celtics. The NBA schedule is a rugged one and the new rule which requires a team to shoot within 24 seconds of getting possession allows no rest for the weary during a game. Cousy, as a consequence, is a tired young man today but, tired from basketball as he is, Cousy is still able to expound on the special pull of the game.

"Basketball features planning to the nth degree; everything is calibrated in percentages." As he talks he becomes

more intense. "Take a simple play. Our two guards crisscross behind our pivot man, who has taken the ball up high near the top of the foul circle. The guy defending against our pivot man has dropped back to permit his teammates to follow the guards. If he continues to hang back, the pivot can take a hook shot with no opposition. If he comes close to the pivot he risks having the pivot drive around him. It becomes a question of percentages—the relative costs of either alternative—and the game is full of such moments."

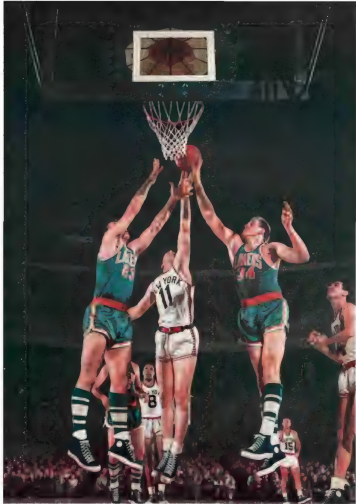
Another dedicated pro, Harry Gallatin of the New York Knickerbockers, is proud of the "continuity" of the game. "Basketball is an interrupted action. Between the high points are long dull stretches. In basketball the potential thrill is there every minute you're on the floor."

Some critics call basketball too sedate because it seems to lack the awesome feature of bodily contact as known in, say, football. Such thinkers should sit directly behind the basket at an NBA game. Beneath the backboard the law of the survival of the fittest prevails, with lemons, elbows and hips smacking against ribs as players struggle for rebounds. The scuffle for the ball calls for so much strength that one acute student of the game remarked, "I'll trade 30 pounds for two inches of height anytime."

Thus the protagonists on the subject of basketball. The most arresting argument for the game is still a quantitative one: 20 millions play it around the world without particularly needing an argument for it. **END**

FIGHT FOR REBOUND

Harry Gallatin (11) of the New York Knickerbockers is flanked by Clyde Lovellette (right) and Ed Kalafat of the Minneapolis Lakers







Laker Dick Schmitz attempts a shot while Carl Braun (left) and Nat Clifton of the Knickerbockers move in to block the ball



Knickerbocker Guard Jim Baschold drives past Jim Helstein of Minneapolis and goes in behind screen made by Clifton (8)

Soaring in for a successful lay-up shot is Whitley Skag of Lakers as Clifton of New York frantically holds up his arm in a vain effort to deflect the ball



Dick McGuire of Knickerbockers is surrounded by Minneapolis players and referee after grabbing tap from teammate Ray Felix (second from right) under the Laker basket.



DUFF CHESTER, RAGGY-JERRELL AND ALMOST SMUG CH, KIPPAN FEARNUGHT, FRODO WITH LARRY, JASPER AND WESTMINSTER, MURDER, MURDER

TWO CHAMPIONS IN NEW YORK

OF ALL THE thousands of performers, human and canine, at Madison Square Garden last week, none looked less off-beat than beefy, bowlegged Champion Kippas Fearnought, an English bulldog, and Miller Wes Santee. Fearnought, a great eater, sniffer and sleeper, would do well to run three laps around a telephone pole, and Santee, with the best will in the world, could not win a biting contest from a Pekingese. For all that they had a great deal in common; few living organisms on earth run so true to type. Fearnought was judged best in show (over 2,307 other blue-ribbed dogs) at the Westminster Kennel Club's annual bench competition, mostly because he exemplified, so dramatically, the essential qualities of all the bulldogs in the world. For years, after one look at Santee's lean body and martini-like gait, track coaches have said: "There's a miler." And at last week's A.A.U. meet in the Garden, Santee also demonstrated a true bulldog tenacity: having been twice beaten in two weeks by the stretch drives of Gunnar Nielsen and Freddie Dwyer, he tabled his hopes of a world record, hung far back during the early stages of the race and then proved to doubters that he could sprint to the tape himself by beating them both in the last exciting 80 yards with a fine closing kick.



WES Santee defeats old rivals Nielsen (left) and Dwyer



TENLEY ALBRIGHT traces school figure skater's footsteps. She had little trouble in winning her second world title.

TWO CHAMPS AT VIENNA

During the World Figure Skating championships in Vienna last week, Tenley Albright, who had lost her world title in 1934 (SI, Feb. 7) with an inexplicable pratfall, skated out before an expectant crowd of 6,500, tripped, and again found herself sprawled on the ice (left). But this time Tenley, a pretty blonde from Newton, Mass., could afford to laugh, for the spill came after one of the most brilliant and intricate performances ever seen in the World championships. Reported Coach Marshall Armstrong: "Tenley gave her sensational delayed Axel, double loop, double flip, double Salchow, mazurka, a blurred cross foot and a flip camel along rancid lines, and brought gasps from the audience as she elevated higher than any girl ever has."

In the men's division, Bayle Alan Jenkins of Colorado Springs, Colo., showed absolute mastery of his act in winning the men's world title for the third consecutive year. And with Americans taking both runner-up spots as well as a third in the men's division, U.S. skaters made a virtual sweep of the championships.

What while American figure skaters were putting on their strongest show ever in Vienna, American speed skaters in Moscow took a lesson from foreign rivals. Of the three U.S. entries, not one reached the finals. The winner, Sigge Ericsson of Sweden, and right after him in one-two-three order, came Oleg Goncharenko, Boris Shkolov and Dimitri Salukhin—all Russians.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS DONALD

TENLEY TUMBLER accidentally in her excitement at hearing she has won the women's championship. Recovering quickly with a broad victory smile, she skated out to take her place on top of the winner's pedestal.



HAYES ALAN JENKINS executes required figure, loop change loop, before watchful judges. Though he lost this figure, Jenkins went on to third straight championship.



ABSORBED JUDGES drop to the ice to mark skater's moves in Chicago. Judges' marks, skaters' own feel help determine champion's top 10 skaters—compulsory figure.



WINNER ALBRIGHT poses with Carol Hein, New York, and Austrian Hanna Elsig, while Champion Jenkins shakes hands with brother Dave and Ronnie Robertson (left).



BEST U.S. PAIR, Carol Ann Oles and Bob Oles, finished fourth in snow.



PRIZE FIND, TONY GATCH, GETS SOME EXPERT BATTING ADVICE FROM CAL ERMER (LEFT) AND ELLIS CLARY OF SENATORS' SCHOOL

GET YOUR MITT, JOHNNY— IT'S TIME FOR CLASS!

That's the cry for hundreds of young hopefuls in Florida schools where baseball is the only thing they teach

by JAMES T. FARRELL

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL BOGGS II

ON A RAW, cold night in Auburndale, Fla., this month, a 16-year-old boy, Benader Tracinski, started at shortstop for the Virgil Trucks Baseball School team against an outfit from Lakeland. In the first inning, Tracinski walked and got to second on a wild pitch. When a ball was thrown past the catcher, he went around third and tore for home. But he began his slide too soon. He momentarily checked himself—always a bad thing when sliding—and then abruptly he was writhing on the ground.

Bobby Thomson made a similar slide last spring and sat out most of the season on the Milwaukee bench with a

broken ankle. Tracinski was more fortunate. He got off with a slightly sprained ankle, and he learned something in the process. Inexperienced now, if he goes on to become a good ballplayer, he most likely will never again hesitate on a slide.

This is finding out the hard way, but it is the reason why Tracinski and several hundred other aspiring young ballplayers have been in Florida this winter to attend baseball schools. Baseball is their chance for fame and fortune. They pay their money for the privilege of playing before the critical eyes of veteran players. They play hard and watch and listen closely to

everything that is taught there, and some will make the majors.

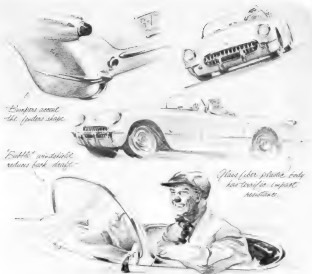
When I went to one of the schools uninitiated, some of the young aspiring players asked me if I were a scout. Others would ask me if scouts were present or if I knew when any scouts were going to show up at their school. I asked a young player at Sid Hudson's school in Kissimmee what he thought of it.

"What do I think of it? It's our future?"

And another of Hudson's boys said during a meal:

"Big leaguers think in five thou-

(continued on page 37)



For experts only!

To put it bluntly, you have to be a better-than-average driver to fully appreciate the pleasures a Corvette can give you. For this is a very special kind of car. It is not a scaled-down convertible . . . it is a sports car, with a crispness of control, a solid "one-piece" way of moving, that go far beyond ordinary experience.

The good driver, stepping into a Corvette for the first time, instantly *knows* the difference. He doesn't ride in this machine . . . he becomes a part of it. It is a direct, vivid extension of his will, an almost-living thing that answers a nudge of the toe, a feather-light pressure on the wheel, with eager precision. The bucket seat molds itself to his back and through it he "reads" the road . . . he knows exactly the position of his car, its balance, the grip on the pavement. No matter how lightning-fast the movement of hand or foot, the Corvette responds . . . right NOW . . . and with hairline

accuracy. And when he punches those big brakes it **STOPS**, in one solid chunk.

Only the skilled can savor the tremendous margin of safety built in to so responsive an implement. But for them everything about the Corvette is a delight—the tigerish acceleration of the special "Blue-Flame" engine fueled by three side-draft carburetors, the liquid smoothness of the Powerglide transmission, the compactness and terrific impact resistance of the glass-fiber-reinforced plastic body, the utterly individual lines that echo no other car.

If you are such a driver, let us earnestly urge you to make a date with your Chevrolet dealer for a demonstration now. We can promise you a heart-lifting experience that can change your whole concept about the "practicality" of a sports car. . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET CORVETTE





BROOKLYN PITCHER Navarro works on control for Senator coach Joe Haynes.



ALABAMA SLIDER Danahy works on control for Senator coach Ty Cobb.



ALASKA BATTER Rasmussen at bat for Senator coach Cal Ermer during instruction.

SCHOOLS *continued from page 28*

sands the way we think of five dollars."

The baseball school is a relatively new institution. The record isn't clear but apparently Ray Dean, promoter of the House of David teams, started the first one in Arkansas during the 1930s. Rogers Hornsby was early associated with him. And in 1939 when Dean moved from Hot Springs, Ark., to Jackson, Miss., he advertised Babe Ruth as a member of his faculty.

THEY RUN AWAY—TO SCHOOL

Jersey Joe Stripp operated the first baseball school in Florida, and most of these institutions have since located there. In 1947 the majors got interested when Joe Engel, president of the Chattanooga Lookouts, established the Washington Nationals Baseball School in Winter Garden. Jack Rosenthal, a Washington scout, ran another one of the older schools in Cocoa, and recently Trucks, Ed Lopat, Sid Hudson and Eddie Miller have opened their own places. In short, the baseball school appears to have become firmly established. In the future, it is likely to grow. With minor leagues and independent teams folding up, the schools will may become more important as a source of good prospects.

The boys come to the schools at their own expense from all over the country, and even outside, full of determination and hope. Harry Bode, who was a checker in Anchorage, Alaska, came down by plane. A young Canadian traveled seven days and nights by bus to reach one of the schools, and Jim Costellan, 17, who came to America from Athens, Greece only two years ago went to night school and earned

his fare to Florida by working in a doughnut establishment. Now he was hoping to be signed up. A young southpaw from the state of Washington worked in an aircraft plant last year and had a bad year pitching. He wanted to find out once and for all whether he had the stuff for the big leagues.

One of the best prospects in the Senators' school was Tony Gatch, a 19-year-old chemical worker from a Chicago suburb. His ambition to become a professional ballplayer was opposed by his father, a steelworker. His mother told him to "buckle down to it." Gatch went to Winter Garden and was the first of the young players signed by the Washington organization. He will be tried out in Class AA baseball with the Chattanooga Lookouts.

A 28-year-old tool and die maker gave up his job in a Midwest plant that paid \$2.82 an hour and went to baseball school, hoping that he might be signed to play Class D ball at a salary of perhaps \$125 per month.

Fuzzy Founaugh, a carpenter in Dayton, Ohio also went. He became the life of the Washington school but returned home without a contract. A third baseman who is a good hitter but a bad fielder belongs to the Yankees' Binghamton club. He attended Lopat's school in St. Augustine in order to get into condition and to improve his fielding and throwing. A cable operator named Bernard Henry Marchena in Curaçao, Dutch West Indies, wants to be a ball player. He plays outfield in an amateur league at home. He flew to a baseball school in St. Augustine. A colored warehouse worker in Durham, North Carolina was at the Rosenthal school at Cocoa, Fla. He would like a contract.

Some of the others are from farms and small towns. Some are from factories. Some are from high school and a few from college. And they all are chasing the rainbows that Ty Cobb, Ruth, Tris Speaker, Lefty Grove, Bob Feller and many others found. They all want to become big leaguers.

The students go through a course of conditioning, practicing and playing similar to that of professional clubs during the spring training season. The instruction they get deals with the fundamentals of the game, and it's good. Among the present and former players teaching at the schools this year were Trucks, Zack Taylor, former catcher, Chuck Stobbs of Washington, "Boon Boon" Beek and Pete Appleton, ex-pitchers, Ellis Clary, Joe Fitzgerald and Joe Haynes of the Washington coaching staff, Cal Ermer, the Chattanooga manager, Hudson and Ted Lepcio of the Red Sox, Ed Lopat, Keno Slaughter and Gus Niarhos.

ACCENT THE POSITIVE

One day Dick Wolfeld showed up at the Trucks school. Watching the hitters, he spoke to some of them and demonstrated how a few were not swinging at the ball level with the ground. They were coming up from under the ball and losing their power.

At the Sarasota clinic, Heinie Manush had the boys show him how they swung. One batter was spreading his feet much too widely and because of his stance was weakening the force of his swing. Heinie tried to correct the fault which otherwise might have persisted unrecognized for years. Lopat and Trucks spoke much of conditioning and how to save one's arm. Zack

continued on page 28

[illegible]



The great oval training barn at the Vanderbilt estate in Maryland has 96 stalls and a quarter-mile indoor track

VANDEBILT STABLES

GLEAMING white and red like the colors of the famous Vanderbilt racing silks, Sagamore Farm, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's stables, lies in the softly rolling countryside of Glyndon, Md. The barn and paddocks hum with the activity of training and tending the 100-odd Vanderbilt horses that are quartered there, and in these paintings Artist Vaughn Flannery has captured the tempo, the brilliant colors, the shimmer of sunlight and shadow in the stable area. This is the home in which the great-bearded gray, Native Dancer, recently returned when injury forced his retirement. He occupies a stall in the stallion barn next to his illustrious grand sire, Discovery, a handsome veteran of 24 years, and like him enjoys a leisure life.



STABLES, SAGAMORE FARM, MD., BY VAUGHN FLANNERY



A treasured Vanderbilt possession is this small canvas by Flannery of the famous racing silks

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THE SHOT THAT DIDN'T KILL

Many a duck that has been hit goes right on flying—as one zoologist's fluoroscope proves

by SCOTT YOUNG

OF ALL the alibis with which a duck hunter soothes his soul, none is more heartfelt than "I know I hit him," muttered as the bird flimsily on. For their comfort, it now appears that many a disappointed gunner is right. Dr. William H. Elder, professor of zoology at the University of Missouri, has been examining live ducks with a fluoroscope, and he has found that an impressive number of them have been shot and carry the proof in their bodies.

Wildlife scientists have long been dissatisfied with their attempts to measure hunting pressure. How many ducks are killed? How many die later of wounds? The answers to these questions would provide an ideal yardstick for suggesting better hunting regulations. Accordingly in 1948, believing that the answers to these questions should always be proportionate to the number of birds which survive gunshot wounds, Dr. Elder began an investigation which in seven summers and two winters has taken him to wildlife concentrations in western states and provinces, and to Holland and England.

A HOMEMADE FLUOROSCOPE

With the help of the Delta Waterfowl Research Station in Manitoba, he bought a secondhand X-ray outfit for \$160 and built a homemade, portable fluoroscope. With it Dr. Elder has X-rayed more than 20,000 live ducks and geese, mainly in the Mississippi Flyway.

Two of every five of the outwardly healthy geese he X-rayed carried lead souvenirs. Three out of 10 mallard drakes had bits of shot in their flesh, bones, or internal organs; one in five pintail drakes showed the same; one in five mallard hens; one in 10 bluewing teal drakes; and so on down through every species of duck he examined.

How did he go about getting so many of these lively birds to examine? Mainly by seeking out every large-scale banding operation within reach of his jeep or truck every summer. Since



X-RAYED CANVASBACK is typical of many examined by Dr. William H. Elder in that it surfaced several shot in the neck. Later, however, it died from lead poisoning caused when it inadvertently swallowed some shot (retained in gizzard) while feeding.

banding work always ran up another pair of hands he was always welcome.

Many oddities have turned up under his fluoroscopes. Of three drakes he found with shot lodged in the brain, one acted so strangely that he kept it under observation at the Delta Station for a few weeks. The duck beat itself against fences and ran around madly, obviously deranged, until it died. In England last year, he found one goose carrying a rifle bullet; another bearing what appeared to be fragments of a land mine. He also shook the English by finding that approximately the same proportion of their wild geese carry body shot as ours.

An offshoot of his work was an attempt to find something significant in the sizes of shot carried by ducks

he examined. But no one size dominated the field.

Dr. Elder feels it's too early to give much more meaning to his findings than is obvious from the figures. There is no way to determine in what year a bird was shot, and therefore year-by-year fluctuations in hunting pressure really cannot be measured accurately except in an extreme jump from one year to the next. Although year-by-year fluctuations have not shown significance so far, a measure for the future has been provided. By comparing what Dr. Elder now has found with the figures for, say, 1959, we will know whether hunting pressure has gone up or down. "One thing is sure," he says. "A lot of gunners are shooting at ducks too far away to kill." (ENR)



ILLUSTRATED BY CHRIS CHI

FISHING AT 20 BELOW

by SIGURD OLSON

There's a secret world under the ice known only to those who sit in a "dark house," watching rapily as the snow whispers outside.

IT WAS just two years ago that my son Bob came home to catch the feeling of the Minnesota-Ontario border country in midwinter. He wasted no time all to sit with me again in a "dark house"—an ice-fishing shanty—and watch the circling decoy and the scene below the ice. He wanted time to think long thoughts and hear the whispering of the snow outside the thin tar-paper walls. He wanted the good feeling that he used to know at night after a long day on skis and perhaps the taste of a fish fresh from the icy waters of the lakes of the north.

So one morning in January, though it was 29 below, we took off for the old haunts. The ski harnesses creaked as we pushed across the lower reaches of Fall Lake. Smoke rose straight above the chimneys in the little town of Winton at the end of the road and the mudsogs blazed over the horizon. It was far too cold to travel slowly. We pushed hard on our skis and the skis blazed over the powder-dry snow. We were the only ones ahead, the only ones foolish enough to be outside when we didn't have to be. Fresh deer tracks crossed the lake.

A tiny tar-paper shack off the end of a long point was our goal. A friend had set it up weeks ago, told us where the spear was cached and the wooden decoy. For its use, we were to bring him a fish. That meant we had to take two. We shoveled the snow away from the door, fanned a flame to life in the little stove, dug the spear and the decoy out of a drift.

THE STAG BEGINS

Six inches of ice had to be cut out of the hole. We put some snow in the coffeepot, closed the door and settled down to wait. Outside a bitter wind howled, but the little shelter was cozy and warm. At first we could see nothing but the green translucent water, but gradually our vision cleared and we could see farther and farther into the depths, finally to the very bottom itself. Light streamed through the snow and ice and the bottom all but glowed.

In our field of vision were several whitish rocks and bits of shell, important landmarks of the scene. Soon eel grass and feathery water milfoil emerged in the half-light, weaving

slowly in the slight current of the narrows. The rocks and shells became as familiar as though we had been watching them for weeks, the tufts of waving grass as outstanding as trees in a meadow. In one corner was a clam, its narrow furrow distinct and sharp in the sand. A shaft of light angled over our hunting ground, light reflected through flashing prisms of ice. The stage was set for action.

The spear rested easily against the inside edge of the ice, its handle free and ready to grasp, a cord fastened to Bob's wrist. Occasionally he shifted the point of a line before it became too firmly embedded in its notch, twisted it slightly so that when the great moment came there would be no resistance, no wrenching free, nothing to interfere with the thrust.

I played the decoy, a six-inch model of a sucker minnow replete with fin and tail of shining tin. Whittled from a piece of cedar, it was weighted with lead and hung from the end of a string. Its tail was set so that with each motion of my hand it made wide and beautiful circles all around the hole.

As the coffee began to simmer, we



They closed the door and started off for home. It was a little warmer now and the skis slid smoothly over the trail.

shed outer jackets and mitts. Outside it was still close to 20 below and the snow was whispering as Bob had hoped. After an hour of tension we began to relax, talked quietly about many things. A fish house is a fine place for visiting, no place for arguments or weighty ideas but rather for small talk, local politics and gossip, things we had seen roaring in, ideas that required no effort, short simple thoughts that came as easily as breathing. This was no place for the expounding of strong heady beliefs. Such ideas take room and space in which to grow and expand. Furthermore our energies must be conserved for the moment when the flash of a silver side below would obliterate everything else.

"A northern pike will taste pretty good tonight," I said.

"Would taste pretty good," was Bob's reply.

"We'll clean it before it freezes," I said. "Save us the job when we get home."

"See that clam," said Bob. "It's moving toward the outside of the hole. Getting out of the way while there's time."

"Those deer tracks this morning looked as though they'd been chased. Twenty feet at a jump for a while."

"Heading for the cedar on the south shore, really makin' time."

The small talk went on and on and after a while there was nothing more to say and we lapsed into quiet, just sat and stared into the hole watching

the rhythmic turn of the little decoy, back and forth, around and around, its metal fins flashing in the light. After a time our vision blended with the bottom itself and we began to feel as though we were a part of the subterranean world below us, part of the clean sand, the white rocks, the waving eel grass. We became intimately familiar with each irregularity of the bot-



tom, the ripple marks, the moving habits of each blade of grass, the air bubbles at the edge of the ice, even the shadows of clouds drifting by outside. Two hours went by and our senses all but fused with the blue-green environment below.

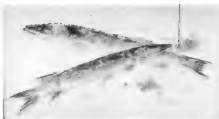
Then when we had begun to feel as though nothing could ever change, as though we might have been sitting in that same identical position for years, a gray torpedo-like shape slipped swiftly into the open and the static little world we had created exploded before our eyes. The grasses waved erratically, the minute noises disappeared, the water roiled.

A PIKE APPEARS

"The spear," screamed everything within us. Slowly—so slowly—cramped senses became aware and muscles began to move. As in a dream, fingers tightened around the cold heavy steel; the point withdrawn from its icy anchoring point, ready to strike. Directly below lay the gray shape of a northern pike, its fins and tail moving slowly, its gill covers opening and closing with barely perceptible motion.

"Now!" came the shout and suddenly the spear plunged downward and in a violent instant the water boiled and the fish, the rocks, and the weeds disappeared in a green-white turmoil of confusion.

The spear and the fish came out of confusion as next page



The pike soon stopped its thrashing and stiffened in the cold

FISHING *continued from page 27*

the hole in a cascade of water. I pushed out the door and we scrambled outside into the brilliant dangle of sunlight on the snow, shouting, laughing at our good fortune, pounding each other on the back. This was a pinnacle of experience and during that instant there were few triumphs in the world of men that could compare. The pike stopped its thrashing at last and began to stiffen in the cold. We stepped back through the little door into quiet and darkness once more.

Finally the water cleared and we could now see fresh scales on the bottom. The red grass and water milfoil were waving once more and there again were the same identical rocks and the whitened bits of shell. Even the clam was in the same position, working its way slowly toward the outside perimeter of our field. It seemed impossible that things could be the same again after the violent eruption

of a short time ago. But little had changed—a few more air bubbles under the ice, the scattered scales on the sand. Again the rhythmic turns of the decoy, around and around and around, its silver fins flashing in the light. The spear point went itself down into another icy notch.

"That's one," said Bob. "That one goes to the house."

"The next one is ours," I answered, "the one we'll clean for supper."

Again the scene became familiar and soon we were through talking, just sitting there, watching and waiting as men have watched and waited since the beginning of time. The drifting snow whispered and swirled around our little house.

A shadow crossed one corner and the waving grasses trembled slightly, bowed gently toward the movement, came back to their old positions. The spear was loosened from its notch. At that moment the whole civilized world moved back to where it belonged, faded

into a background that was nothing compared to the tremendous event taking place before our eyes. The grasses trembled as though they were expecting something to happen. The water itself seemed charged.

Then the shadow returned and a great pike lay directly below us, so close and so real our numb senses could not grasp what had actually happened. Its fins were moving slowly, its gills opening and closing. It lay there quietly looking at the decoy quivering at the end of its string.

The spear was withdrawn and with a single movement plunged into the water. Again the white and green turmoil, the open door and the sunshine.

We had enough, one for the house and one for our supper. We cashed the spear and decoy, closed the door and started off for home. It was a little warmer now and the skis slid smoothly over the trail we had made that morning. The west was orange and mauve and apple green and the birches shone silver in the last level rays of the sun. By the time we reached the postage it was dusk and the afterglow burned behind the black named pine and spruce.

When we reached Fall Lake we could see the lights of the village at the end of the day. Smoke still rose straight above the chimneys. With the dark it would be 29 below again and in the morning the sundogs would be out. The ice would soon be thick over the hole we had cut and the tar-piper shark would be cold and dark. The grasses would tremble on the bottom and the clam would plow its furrow unseen and undisturbed. But we would remember and count the long days until we could come again. CHP



GOLF'S GREEN PASTURES

FOR MOST GOLFERS—excepting always the fortunate herd which heads for the South—wintertime is a tough passage. They drive by their home courses and their eyes meet the bleakness of snow, slush or frozen ground, everything drably white and black and gray, not one green blade of grass, not one lousy buttercup. It is enough to drive a man to brooding. The golfer, a talented brooder at any time, begins to dwell, as he never does in the heat of a summer round, on the variegated beauty of the natural settings in which he pursues his game: the soft, green, breeze-swept courses along the edge of the sea; the rolling meadowland courses, with bright seasonal flowers busting out along the borders of the holes; mountain courses, where the best line off the first tee is a yard to the left of that totemic pine; tropical courses; lakeside courses, and that plain course down the road that becomes extraordinarily beautiful when spring or autumn touches it. Several more weeks of long, hard waiting still lie ahead until, as Geoffrey Chaucer, an early outdoor man, put it, the sweet showers of April have pierced the drought of March to the root, and once again the majority of our golf courses are ready to handle the traffic. In the meantime, to cheer the winter-bound golfer whose reverie on a dream course never gets too far before the images blur, SI presents for his comfort and pleasure an album of five golf holes—all of them excellent tests of skill, but beyond this, for immediate purposes, all of them, quite simply, beautiful golf holes.

At the Augusta National, built on the site of one of the South's great nurseries, the toughly 11th tumbles down a lush green slope to the pin.







A golfing pilgrim from Marblehead, Mass., prepares to take a divot from the "oatmeal" on the blowering 18th hole at Killarney in County Kerry



The bold, massive Canadian Rockies—and closer at hand, the cool, dark, evergreen forest—frame the rolling fairways at Banff in southern Canada



On the 8th hole at Ponte Vedra on Florida's east coast, the pin on the famous island green lies 128 deep-blue yards from the tee





This is the view looking down from the tee on the short 14th hole at Pine Valley in New Jersey, one of the world's toughest courses and, in autumn, one of the most beautiful

TIP FROM THE TOP



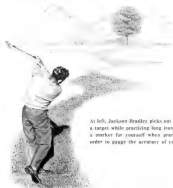
Useful for golfers of
all degrees of skill

from **JACKSON BRADLEY**, pro of the River Oaks Country Club

Comparatively few golfers, even among some of the better club players, know how to practice the right way. Like a round of golf itself, practice sessions should be properly planned and organized. In competitive play, accuracy and not distance is of paramount importance, and the golfer will do well to remember this when he works on his shots, whether he be practicing on a driving range or a practice fairway at his club.

Never practice without a target. You must give yourself some set of standard by which to judge the success of your efforts. Pupils complain to me that they can hit a ball a mile on a driving range, but they don't realize they are spraying their shots every which way. Thoughtless practice sessions not only are valueless but foster bad habits that may be hard to correct later.

I recommend that any golfer practicing his woods and long irons visualize an average fairway in his mind and work to confine his shots to that limited area. Most fairways are at least 40 yards wide, so I advise my pupils to pick out a tree or some other marker and establish a 25-yard tolerance on either side of the target. With your irons, limit the area of tolerance proportionately, allowing, say, 15 feet on each side of your chosen target for a five iron. With this system, you should be able to become a much more accurate player than if you practice just to display power.



At left, Jackson Bradley picks out a tree as a target while practicing long irons. Select a marker for yourself when practicing in order to gauge the accuracy of your shots

NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: THOMMY ARMOUR ON ACTIVE RIGHT SIDE

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JULIAN BOGOT	GENE LITNER
WALLY SARGENT	
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TEMPERS FLARE AS TED LINDSEY (LEFT), FIERY DETROIT CAPTAIN, TANGLES WITH MONTREAL'S LEADING SCORER JEAN BELIVEAU

DETROIT AND MONTREAL SQUARE OFF

Top teams make every blow count as they battle down the stretch toward the Stanley Cup play-offs

The Detroit Red Wings, aiming for their seventh straight NHL title, came into Montreal last week a bare point ahead of the home-town Canadiens.

After 15 minutes of penalty-strewn

play, the Wings led two goals to none. But the Canadiens roared back with four goals in the last two periods to win 4-2 and take the lead with only a dozen games left in the regular season.



CALUM MCKAY (33) PUTS MONTREAL AHEAD TO STAY BY SLAPPING PUCK PAST RED WING GOALIE TERRY SAMOHUN IN FINAL PERIOD

HEART OF THE LEAFS

For doggedness and courage, Toronto's Ted Kennedy is tops in the league

by SCOTT YOUNG

IF YOU heard a man contrasting Maurice Richard of the Montreal Canadiens and Ted Kennedy of the Toronto Maple Leafs by giving an imaginary play-by-play of how each scores a goal, for Richard he said, "Richard . . . takes the pass, SHOOTs, Scores!" For Kennedy he said, "There's a scramble in the corner, Kennedy comes up with the puck, carries it behind the net, stick-handles out in front, shoots, Worsley saves, Kennedy grabs the rebound, passes back to Smith, who shoots, Worsley saves, a defenseman tries to clear, Kennedy checks him, is knocked down, keeps the puck, gets up, shoots, SCORES!"

That is as good a way as any of describing the sweaty, dogged kind of courage which serves Kennedy where speed and dash and a deadly shot serve Richard and other great scoring stars. This turn of spirit also is mainly responsible for the fact that in mid-season balloting for the National Hockey League's most-valuable-player award Kennedy was trailed (and distantly) by the league's hottest goalkeeper and four forwards, each of whom had scored many more goals this season than Kennedy had.

COLOR AND LEADERSHIP

This mid-season ballot for the MVP (the Hart Trophy, \$1,000 bonus from the league and usually another \$1,000 from the winner's team) went this way: Kennedy, 40 points; Harry Lumley, Toronto goalie, 23; and four of the league's highest scorers next, Richard with 19, Boon-Boon Geoffrion of Montreal with 13, Gordie Howe of Detroit and Jean Beliveau of Montreal tied with 14 each. Another ballot was cast at season's end, but since last year's winner (Al Rolfe, Chicago goalie, who got it for bravery under fire) needed only 80 points and Kennedy has half that and no really close contender, it seems likely that he's in, barring injury in the final few weeks.

It isn't hard to account for Kennedy's greatness. A serious, taciturn young gentleman of 28-30 lbs., 11 inches, 180 pounds) with a skating style more notable for strength and maneuverability than for grace, he has the color that

makes Yogi Berra great in baseball and a team-lifting type of leadership that makes Toronto fans very relieved to see him out there every time the going is tough. In addition to his regular turns at center on his own line, he is used both on the Toronto power play (for scoring punch when the opposition is short-handed due to a penalty) and on penalty-killing duties when the Leafs are short-handed and need their best checkers on the ice. On top of this, as team captain, he argues every arguable decision with referees and is put on the ice every time there is an important face-off, because he is the league's best at getting the draw when the puck is dropped. All in all, a very busy young man.

His goal-scoring, while usually respectable, is well off the league's top pace this year. But he gets important goals. Once this season when the Leafs were trailing Chicago 3-1 with less than two minutes to go in the game, Kennedy fired two goals in 49 seconds to tie it. And numberless times every season his digging for the puck, breaking up plays before they start, refusing to allow the opposition out of its own end, has resulted in a play on goal which someone else may score, but which is at least half Kennedy's because he kept it in there in the first place. The only players in recent Toronto history to score 30 goals in a season, Tod Sloan and Sid Smith, accomplished it with Ted Kennedy as their center man. Smith, who is near the 30-goal mark again as this is written, likely will be this year's all-star left wing. He'll tell anyone who'll listen that this is mainly a result of playing alongside the man whose fans call him by the rather old-fashioned but revealing title "Heart of the Leafs" (a name first used by Toronto's first and third sports writers, Al Nickerson).

The fact that Kennedy never has been chosen on the league's all-star team galls his supporters, among whom, as may be imagined, is King Clancy, the Toronto coach. When the mid-season all-star selection had Jean Beliveau, the league's leading scorer, at center instead of Kennedy, Clancy snorted, "Kennedy is still the best



FIGHTING SPIRIT is Kennedy's chief asset and makes him a leader of his team.

hockey player in the league?" Counting everything (Clancy says: "Kennedy does more back-checking in one game than Beliveau does in a week"), he may be right. It is certain that without Kennedy, Toronto is rather an ordinary club. Since he turned professional at 17 at the tag end of the 1942-'43 season, the Leafs have only twice been out of the Stanley Cup play-offs, the World Series of hockey. Both years they missed were ones in which Kennedy was badly injured and could play only a fraction of the season's schedule.

RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES

Perhaps one of the most pointed examples of his importance to the Leafs came last year in their Stanley Cup semi-final with Detroit. In the series' fifth game, with Detroit leading three wins to one, Kennedy's magnificent play, along with great goaling by Harry Lumley, was a major factor in the Leafs being able to hold a superior Detroit team to a 3-3 score at the end of regulation time. As the teams played through the first sudden-death overtime period Kennedy was still the hottest thing on the ice. Tony Leswick of Detroit, a player with an uncanny ability for siding up such difficulties, finally came up with what may have been the only possible answer. Next time he was close enough to haul off and punched Kennedy right between the eyes. Before Kennedy could realize the trap, he punched back. Earh got a penalty. The difference was that while Leswick could be spared, Kennedy couldn't. One hundred nineteen seconds of playing time later, with Kennedy fuming and Leswick very jaunty in the penalty box, Detroit scored to win the game and the series, and later went on to win the Stanley Cup. (KBY)

OLD FIGHTERS DO DIE...

Some in squalid misery; here's a way to help them before they fade away

by BUDD SCHULBERG

IN A NOVEL about the boxing game a few years back, I got going on old-time fighters. I'm too lazy to dig out the paragraph, but the idea was this: there's something about old athletes that gets to me, whether they be old ballplayers, old trackmen or even old broken-down polo players. But none of those matches out and grabs me like an old fighter. I go into a bar and I spot an old fighter, maybe working behind the bar or tracking down some memory with a drink in his hand, and I'm captured by a sense of nostalgia, sympathy, admiration—I call it fighter-ekstasis. I look at this fellow's flattened nose, or the tell-tale scar tissue on the left eye and I think of all the times he was in there alone, the last of 20th Century man to wage individual battle.

Sometimes I run into the ones I've seen, Bud Taylor, Tony Canzoneri, Johnny Andremano, Jackie Fields, and I remember the nights, the rounds, the skill, the courage. More often I come

across some less gifted graduate of Rosin University, the kind of boy who used to raise bloodthirsty cries from the gallery because he made great fights strictly on heart; a club fighter whose ability to absorb punishment made him a proud pawn in a game of strategic moves he could never understand.

THE BIG CIRCLE

I think of Ace Hudkins with his sick-blue complexion and his washed-out eyes. And Pete Nebo, a Seminole of the Florida Keys, who gave the best of them a hard time: Canzoneri, Sid Terris, Kid Chocolate, Ray Miller, Benny Bass. Nebo made the big circle from Key West to the Garden, on to Paris, and back to Key West, a shattered, battered figure carrying on an endless conversation with himself. Outside the old Main Street Gym in Los Angeles I see the ghost of George Godfrey, rugged and broke and sick. George had been a dangerous black heavyweight, in the days before Louis, when



MIKE MCTIGUE, once a colorful light-heavy, ended in a veritable hospital.

color stood you off from the big money.

Hold on, you say, isn't the fight game alive with examples of men who made it in the ring and went on to become respected and prosperous citizens in the later years? Check, and we'll get to them one of these days. But these lines are frankly dedicated to their less fortunate brothers, the ones who went as far as they could and found nothing at the end of the road but a stone wall and a cold wind. Sam Langford, maybe the greatest, blind and busted and all but forgotten. And old Mike McTigue, whose physical remains linger on while his mind goes wandering God knows where. Ancient Kid Broad, who used to get up a lot but finally stayed down for good in a Skid Road gutter. And Panama Al Brown, Jimmie Slattery, Black Bill, Kid Norfolk, Pete Virgin—the names alone could fill this column—blind or ravaged with TB or suffering from that frightful wet-brain disease that clouds the mind and short-circuits the apparatus of speech and locomotion.

As these troops of sick and needy rascals march across my mind, I can't help asking: couldn't the fight game borrow a page from the theater or the film industry and organize some program of constructive aid for those veterans who gave freely, perhaps too freely, of their blood and courage and skills when they were prime, but have since run out of health, money, eyesight, coordination—and maybe hope?

The gross receipts from boxing may be only a third of what they were in the good old (pretelevision) days. But they're still pushing five million a year. An imperceptible percentage of the



"And he sure is remind him about going to the farthest neutral corner."

top of every show, or a pledge of 2¢, or so from everyone who takes his living out of boxing, ought to be enough to set up at least a memorial hospital wing where name fighters and club fighters, who lost some tough decisions after they left the ring, could find refuge. Along with the medical care they might appreciate the psychological assurance that those years of glory, with the big wins and the nights they kept getting up and lost with class, had not been forgotten.

Public-relationswise, this past year has been a loser for the fight game. Memorable fights like the first Marciano-Charles, and new boys who know the moves like Frankie Ryff and Carmelo Costa, have been sadly eclipsed by a black cloud of scandal. The Ranton-Gavilan fiasco, with its smell of underworld maneuvering, the failure of the Christenberry regime to act against the hoodlums it had charged with ruining the fight game, the epidemic of mismatches, sudden shifting in odds and exposure of undercover managers have reduced boxing prestige to one of its all-time lows, than which there is nothing more minimal. I can't think of a more expedient time for the boxing fraternity to lead with a plan for the relief of its own walking wounded.

It is a business constantly rapped for its short-sightedness, for its concentration on the immediate buck. It has been a business where benevolence is a dirty word. Yet, on a level of individual generosity, the boxers, trainers, and even managers and promoters stack up pretty well against their opposite numbers in the other sports and the amusement industries. There is a potential here for a lasting, practical, memorial serving the Sam Langfords, the Ad Wolgasts and Al Browns, whose lives deteriorated into pitiful anticlimaxes, to the fury and vigor of their achievements is the ring.

A PLEDGED CONTRIBUTION

I would like to see Nat Fleischer, the venerable patron of this ancient art, sponsor such a movement, perhaps with Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey as associate chairmen, and possibly with the cooperation of the State Commission medical staff. I wish one night a year could be set aside for an all-out benefit show that could sweep a five-figure bundle into the veterans' fund.

Am I knocking this out just to hear myself talk? The moment this project is set up under any legitimate sponsorship, the fee for this piece is a pledged contribution. (K.H.D.)

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MOTOR SPORTS

THE MIDGET MARVELS

How small can a car get? The latest in the tiny class at New York's Travel and Auto Sports Show will surprise you—but they're real cars

by JOHN BENTLEY

THERE'S a legend, apparently apocryphal, that if you cast a coin over your left shoulder into the bubbling water of the beautiful Trevi Fountain in Rome your wish will come true. You can try it in the Exhibition Hall at Madison Square Garden, New York City, where the Universal Travel & Auto Sports Show, under the direction of Fred Pitters, has opened its doors. The Trevi Fountain is a convincing papier mâché replica of the Roman original and the appeal to cast coins in its waters is a worthy cause—the fight against cerebral palsy. And there's a lot in the show to wish for.

By and large I found it an interesting exhibition, aimed less at the sports car aficionado (who already has seen most of the 1966 Jaguars, Ferraris,

body styled by Brooks Stevens of Milwaukee, Wis. This splendid machine, romantically named the "Val-kyrie" and finished in black and white for startling contrast, is to be built in limited numbers by the Imprex Company of Cleveland, Ohio; \$15,000 is the tag.

THE SMALL AND THE SMALLEST

At the other end of the scale was the most versatile and intriguing selection of three-wheelers and scooters yet seen at an American show. In the three-wheeled group, German plane-builder Messerschmitt has come up with a babe—a miniature, tandem-seated, bug-eyed job with a hinged plexiglass top. Powered by a 9-hp, single-cylinder, air-cooled engine, it weighs 485 pounds, runs 100 miles on a gallon of gas and will do 50 mph. You can own it for only \$895, f.o.b. New York, and its uses in the suburban scheme of life are countless—meeting commuter trains, doing your local shopping, taking the kids to school, visiting friends and so on. Larger, more powerful, but still on three wheels is the nimble Tri-Car Suburbanette. Looking like a truncated sedan, the Tri-Car has a Fibre-plastic body and a rear-mounted Lycoming two-cylinder air-cooled engine. It features an automatic transmission and torsion-bar (live rubber and metal) suspension independent on all three wheels. The Tri-Car will hit 60 mph from a standstill in 16 seconds, top 40 miles on a gallon, despite its 30 hp, and climb 22% grades. It carries two in comfort and—like the other three-wheelers—costs under \$1,000.

Among the scooters the Milan-built Italian Lambretta is a joyous little 6-hp machine with miniature tires (4.00 x 8) and an air-cooled engine. It will carry two people on tandem saddles (or three with an American-built lightweight sidecar) for 125 miles on a gallon of gas and still top 50 mph. The Lambretta, which is built by the Innocenti Corporation, first appeared in 1946 when that firm recovered from war contracts. It has since found 750,000 buyers in Europe, mainly Italy,



AMERICA'S TRI-CAR

Masserati and the rest) than at the general public, with emphasis on the bizarre, the super-luxurious or the refreshingly new. On the top range of the price ladder, three custom built machines lured it over the other exhibits. First was a Chrysler Imperial sports sedan with an aluminum body 22 feet long and brightwork in genuine 24 carat gold instead of plerbian chrome. Equipped with a souped-up, 300 hp V8 engine which can push it along at 180 mph, this car doubtless inspired the new Chrysler "300," and about \$25,000 would put you at its wheel. Not far behind (at \$20,000 or so) was an imposing British Bentley sedan with streamlined bronze coachwork by Bertone of Italy, featuring every conceivable push-button luxury. And in third spot, a strikingly crafted Cadillac chassis with a German-built Spohn



BENTLEY AND MESSERSCHMITT

and is now being produced at the rate of 1,000 units a day. U.S. delivered price is only \$329, or \$428 with sidecar, and the Lambretta will take you anywhere—even over mountains. In fact, Union Tours are promoting a round-trip, \$1,425 packaged European vacation starting from New York, which includes the price of a Lambretta scooter delivered in Milan.

300 MPH ON ONE-THIRD THROTTLE

From a performance standpoint, the outstanding exhibit of the show was a metallic-gray Bertone-bodied sports job on an Alfa Romeo 1900i chassis with a 190 hp engine. Called the BAT-5, this experimental machine is so efficiently streamlined that it can hold 180 mph on 46% of its power with the throttle only one third open. Maximum speed is 123 mph and the BAT can be driven "hands-off" at 50 mph.

But for all the show's galaxy of four-wheeled performers totaling probably 12,000 hp and more than a million dollars, it's the little fellows that stand out; and among them, the saucy Ital-



ITALY'S ISETTA

ian Isoetta is the most intriguing. Looking like a fighter plane cockpit on four wheels, it is powered by a two-cylinder, air-cooled engine of 10 hp that runs better than 70 mpg. Top speed is 60 mph and when you get to where you're going, you open the front door and just step out—the wheel and steering column are hinged to swing out of your way.

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5-28

BOWLING

SMALL PINS

Duck pins are little, but they're a challenge even to big pin fans

by **VICTOR KALMAN**

DUCKPINS, a "small ball" variation of the tenpin game which has drawn 2.5 million partisans in the East, is making a mild bid for national recognition with its first All-Star Match Game Championship on March 18-20 in Arlington, Va. The recently concluded eliminations in eight states and the District of Columbia to select the 32 finalists, however, were anything but mild. And they rated banner lines on sport pages from Montreal to Atlanta.

The origin of duckpins is as hazy as the pedigree of a fish market cat. Current governors of the sport say it was created some 50 years ago by a whistling bartender in a Baltimore saloon-and-alley owned by the late John J. McGraw and Wilbert Robinson of the N.Y. Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers. But thrifty bowling proprietors were known to have cut down broken pins before the turn of the century, and old English prints indicate the court of Henry VIII rolled small wooden balls about the size of the hard-rubber duckpin ball bowled today.

Be that as it may, duckpins were not an organized sport until the National Duck Pin Bowling Congress was founded in 1927. It still is not completely organized in the sense that other small-ball games are popular in Pennsylvania and New England, and that older bowling establishments do not conform in every detail with NDFBC specifications. But in the past 15 years, under the organizational genius of Executive Secretary Arville L. Ebersole, the group has made tremendous strides in membership. It now has 1,250,000 men and women on its rolls, or nearly half of all duckpin enthusiasts.

Small-ball and big-pin devotees have been arguing for years over which is the better game. Two of the greatest bowlers of all time, John (Count) Gengler and Mort Lindsey, were expert at both but preferred big pins. On the other hand Ebersole, a 65-year-old retired realtor with black John L. Lewis eyebrows and the springing step of a man of 45, recalls that Washington was primarily a big-pin center when he came here in 1911. It is now strictly a

small-ball town and headquarters of the sport.

Nicholas Tromsky of New Britain, Conn., the Andy Varigapa of the duckpin lanes, has been a star for 30 years. He won the annual national tournament twice and on four occasions was ranked No. 1 because of his high average. At 45, he has qualified for the All-Star. To give you a further idea of how tough the game is, Tromsky has rolled exactly two 200 games in sanctioned league play and his 1949-'50 average of 134 is an all-time record—and don't forget that with the small ball a score of 100 compares favorably with 170 in the big-ball game.

Probable favorites in the 40-game competition at the Colonial Village Center in Arlington will be Andy Friar of Fall River, Mass., ranked No. 1 nationally in 1954, and Donald Norton, another Connecticut star who won the U.S. and Eastern Open titles last year. The finalists all come from the hotbeds of the duckpin sport—Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Washington.

Unfortunately, the tournament will be a championship in name only, for during the eliminations the Baltimore Proprietors Association withdrew from the sponsoring Bowling Proprietors Association of America, and Baltimore bowlers will be barred. Six of the 14 best duckpinners come from Baltimore, including William Broxey, ranked No. 2 last year and No. 1 in 1953. (R.M.)

ANNIVERSARY



LESLIE McMILLEN caught up with the only major rifle title which had evaded him nine years ago this week during the National A.A.U. track and field championships at Madison Square Garden. Unofficial king of the rifle, Les won the event by two yards over Tommy Quinn in 4:18.1. The triumph was a vindication, for Les had lost the same event to Gil Doble in his otherwise all-winning 1942 campaign.



"Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Al Forge, Jr.

On a recent train trip four of us were in a drawing room enjoying a bridge game and Old Smuggler. I had just picked up a small slam possibility when suddenly there was a crash followed by the sound of untracked wheels biting into wooden ties—and the car stopped with a jolt. As soon as I could check up on myself, I found I was still clutching my cards in one hand, and in the other was the bottle of Old Smuggler. Nobody was hurt, but salvaging that bottle was made me the hero of the day. The bridge game was never resumed, so my small slam was completely wasted. But not that bottle of Old Smuggler. We didn't waste a drop.

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COMING EVENTS

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February 25 through March 6

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25

Auto Racing

NASCAR 300-m. sportsman race, Daytona Beach.

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Cincinnati vs. Dequesne, Cincinnati.
Oregon St. vs. Oregon, Corvallis, Ore.
UCI-A vs. S. California, Los Angeles.
Utah vs. Wyoming, Salt Lake City.

(Professionals)

Minnesota vs. Boston, Washburn, Minn.
Philadelphia vs. New York, Philadelphia.

Boxing

● Sandy Saddler vs. Teddy (Red Top) Davis, for featherweight title, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (15 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Court Tennis

World pro championship, Racquet Club, N.Y.C.

Hockey

Chicago vs. New York, Chicago.
Left: championships begin, Dortmund, Düsseldorf, Krefeld and Cologne, W. Germany.

Staling

Olympic jumping team tryouts, Iron Mt., Mich.

Swimming

U.S. men's Pan American team tryouts, New Haven, Conn. and San Francisco; women's, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26

Auto Racing

NASCAR 325-m. sportsman and modified race, Daytona Beach.

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Dayton vs. Duquesne, Dayton, Ohio.
● Iowa vs. Michigan, Iowa City, Iowa, 3 p.m. (CBS).
Kentucky vs. Auburn, Lexington, Ky.
La Salle vs. Temple, Philadelphia.
N. Carolina St. vs. Geo. Washington, Raleigh, N.C.
Oregon vs. Oregon St., Eugene, Ore.
Tulsa vs. St. Louis, Tulsa, Okla.
UCI-A vs. S. California, Los Angeles.

(Professionals)

Minnesota vs. Ft. Wayne, Minneapolis.
● New York vs. Milwaukee, New York, 3 p.m. (NBC).
Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Rochester, N.Y.

Boxing

Natl. women's doubles match game tournament begins, Detroit.

Hockey

Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto.

Horse Racing

● Flamingo Stakes, \$148,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Hialeah Park, Fla. (CBS: TV—4:30 p.m., radio—4:45 p.m.).
Santa Anita Handicap, \$100,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

Ice Skating

Natl. indoor championships, Lake Placid, N.Y.

Polo

Sherman Memorial Stul, Sq. A. Armory, N.Y.

Skiing

Natl. jumping, cross-country, Nordic combined championships, Ramfjord, Nore.

Track & Field

● IMAA championships, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 8:30 p.m. (Mutual—local blackout).

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27

Auto Racing

NASCAR 300-m. Grand Natl., Daytona Beach.

Baseball

Boston vs. Milwaukee, Providence, R.I.
Ft. Wayne vs. New York, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Minnesota vs. Rochester, Minneapolis.
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Syracuse, N.Y.

Hockey

Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago.
New York vs. Montreal, New York.

Squash Racquets

U.S. vs. England, Walle-Rod Cup, Haverford, Pa.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28

Baseball

ABC women's natl. tournament, St. Joseph, Mo. (Leading college games)
Illinois vs. Michigan, Champaign, Ill.
Kentucky vs. Alabama, Lexington, Ky.
Minnesota vs. Iowa, Minneapolis.
St. Bonaventure vs. Duquesne, Pittsburgh.
San Francisco vs. College of Pacific, San Francisco.
(Professionals)
Minnesota vs. Ft. Wayne, St. Paul, Minn.
Philadelphia vs. Milwaukee, Trenton, N.J.

Boxing

Charles Hunter vs. Pierre Longtin, middleweight, Paris.

● Bob Baker vs. Rex Layne, heavyweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC—local blackout).

● Pete Adams vs. Pat Lawry, middleweights, St. Nick's N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (On West).

Law Wrestling

ALBA natl. tournament begins, Orlando, Fla.

TUESDAY, MARCH 1

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Geo. Washington vs. Georgetown, Wash., D.C.
Texas Christian vs. Arkansas, Ft. Worth, Tex. (Professionals)
● New York vs. Syracuse, Ft. Wayne vs. Boston, New York, 9:15 p.m. (Mutual).
Philadelphia vs. Milwaukee, Philadelphia.

Boxing

Italy Gardella vs. Peter Mueller, middleweights, Milwaukee (10 rds.).

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Penn State vs. Penn State College, Pa.
San Francisco vs. Santa Clara, San Francisco. (Professionals)
Ft. Wayne vs. Syracuse, Elkhart, Ind.
Philadelphia vs. Milwaukee, Westfield, Mass.

Boxing

Wallace (Rudy) Smith vs. Johnny Gonzalez, lightweight, Miami Stadium (10 rds.).

Hockey

● New York vs. Boston, New York, 9:15 p.m. (Mutual).
Toronto vs. Montreal, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Hialeah Turf Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hialeah Park, Fla.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3

Baseball

(Leading college games)

American Conf. tournament, Raleigh, N.C.
Southern Conf. tournament, Richmond, Va.

Dayton vs. Seton Hall, Dayton, Ohio.

(Professionals)

Ft. Wayne vs. Syracuse, Rochester vs. Milwaukee, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
New York vs. Milwaukee, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Golf

Baton Rouge Open, Baton Rouge, La.
Jacksonville Women's Open, Jacksonville, Fla.

Hockey

Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.
Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit.

FRIDAY, MARCH 4

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Utah vs. New Mexico, Salt Lake City.
Pacific Coast Conf. play-off, Gonzales, Cal.

(Professionals)

Boston vs. Minnesota, Rochester vs. New York, Boston.
Milwaukee vs. Syracuse, Milwaukee.

Boxing

● Chico Velaz vs. Billy Graham, welterweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (15 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Hockey

Natl. Ice Free championships begin, Boston.

Staling

NCAA championships begin, Northfield, Vt.
Natl. 11-4 event championships, Whitefish, Mont.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5

Baseball

(Leading college games)

● Indiana vs. Ohio State, Bloomington, Ind., 3 p.m. (CBS).
Kentucky vs. Tennessee, Lexington, Ky.
Marquette vs. Tulsa State, Milwaukee.
Minnesota vs. Wisconsin, Minneapolis.
Northwestern vs. Illinois, Evanston, Ill.
Utah vs. Denver, Salt Lake City. (Professionals)
Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia.
● Rochester vs. Minnesota, Rochester, N.Y., 3 p.m. (NBC).

Hockey

Detroit vs. New York, Detroit.
Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto.

Horse Racing

San Juan Capistrano Handicap, \$100,000, 1 1/4 m. (Turf), 3-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Park, Calif.
New Orleans Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Fair Grounds, New Orleans.

Ice Skating

Natl. Amer. indoor championships, Milwaukee.

Polo

Natl. Intercollegiate Stul, Sq. A. Armory, N.Y. C.

Skiing

Ruche Cup, downhill & slalom, Aspen, Colo.

Track

● Knights of Columbus meet, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 8:30 p.m. (Mutual—local blackout).

SUNDAY, MARCH 6

Baseball

Boston vs. Ft. Wayne, Boston.
Minnesota vs. Milwaukee, Minneapolis.
New York vs. Rochester, New York.
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Syracuse, N.Y.

Hockey

Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.
Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago.
New York vs. Detroit, New York.

RECORD BREAKERS

- **Patty O'Brien** of *Armed Forces* and *Los Angeles AC* put 16-pound shot 58 feet, 5 1/2 inches, broke own world indoor record by 1 1/2 inches in national AAU championships at New York.
- **Paul Anderson**, *Troy, Ga.* dairy farmer, became world's strongest man, crushed Norbert Schemm's world mark by picking up 3,100 pounds in three lifts in National Capital

weight-lifting championship, Washington, D.C. ● **Albert Wiggin** of *Ohio State* swam 100-yard individual medley in 1:25.2 to set U.S. record in dual meet at Champaign, Ill. ● **Mike Szafrak** of *Durham, N.C.* finished nine holes in 27 to break PGA record by one, took \$12,500 Texas Open with 257 in clubhouse by two strokes PGA mark for 72 holes at San Antonio.

BASKETBALL

San Francisco came from behind on **BB Huskies** 51 points, beat **Santa Clara** 66-52, whipped **No. 1 Mary's** 64-43 for 18th straight, retained No. 1 position in AP poll, accepted NCAA berth.

NCAA clinched Southern Division title in Pacific Coast Conference with double win over **California** 55-48, 64-76, will meet **Oregon State**, Northern Division winner, in best-of-three for NCAA spot.

Idaho State snapped up third straight **Rocky Mountain** title by beating **Montana State** twice 78-57, 57-46, moved into NCAA tourney.

Utah dethroned **Montana** 101-69, stayed on top of Skyline Conference, Center **Alt State** led **Rebels** with 28 points.

Texas Christian dethroned **Texas** 70-56, edged past **Blue** 84-80, stayed in lead of Southwest Conference race as **Dick O'Neal** came through with 35 points in two games.

Missouri, in pursuit of first Big Ten title in 18 years, outtoughed **Iowa** 80-78 as **Dick Garmaker** whipped in 25, ruled over **Michigan** 74-65 as **Bill Simons** scored 25.

Kentucky whipped **Xavier** of Ohio 66-45 on outside shooting, edged **De Paul** 74-72, but **Fordham** **Phil Givens** may suffer leg fracture.

Marquette dethroned **Detroit** 100-81, **Bradley** 95-81, ran win streak to 29, nation's longest, was first team picked for NCAA tourney.

North Carolina State failed to beat **Duke** 84-78, ousted by **Maryland** 58-58 to take over Atlantic Coast Conference lead.

West Virginia whipped **William & Mary** 95-81, Pitt 93-86, dethroned **George Washington** 83-74 to take regular Southern Conference title, **Hot Rod Hundley** scored 97 points in three games for Mountaineers.

Daguerre polished off **Cincinnati** as **St. Green** scored 33, **Dink** and **Dave Kicketts** combined for 33 as **Dukes** beat **NCAA-bound Villanova** 70-55.

La Salle whipped **Albright** 89-69, **Mohr** led 35-71 as **Tam Gola** scored 27.

Penn State swept by **Staten** 67-61, **Harvard** 80-73, **Cornell** 63-59, virtually dethroned Ivy League crown.

Penn State, **Carleton** were picked for NCAA tourney; **Holy Cross**, **St. Francis of Pa.** accepted NIT bids.

Minneapolis Lakers whipped **St. Wayne Pistons** 98-82, **Rochester Royals** 105-95, ran Pistons lead to three-and-a-half games in Western Division of NBA.

Syracuse Nationals beat **N.Y. Knickerbockers** 80-76, 104-84, opened up four-game lead in Eastern Division.

TRACK AND FIELD

Sam Sauter, confident **Kansasian**, forget about records, concentrated on tactics, unbeaten working last-lap sprint, beat **Denmark's Gunnar Nielsen** by three yards, won national AAU indoor mile title at New York. Sauter was clocked in 4:07.9, broke by 4/10 second championship mark set by **Gl Dadds** in 1946. **Arnie Sewell**, Pitt junior, third world indoor, meet marks by blurring 1,000-yard run in 2:04.2. **Noway's Asbjorn Boyesen**, justified by positioning on lead leg, was second by 10 yards. **Johnny Haines** of **Pennsylvania** equaled world indoor, meet records by winning 66-yard dash in 8-5.1, took third straight title. **Harmon Elford** Cleveland, registered 40-yard high hurdles in 0:53; **Charley Jenkins** of **Villanova** was 660-yard run in 1:11.3; **Herzer Ashenfelter**, NYAC, took 3-mile run in 15:54; the **Rev. Bob Richards** scored 15 feet, 4 inches in pole-vault win for championship record; **Lo. John Hall**, **Armed Forces**, **Ernie Swifton**, **Los Angeles**, worked up in high-jump tie at 6 feet, 8 1/2 inches.

DOG SHOWS

Ch. Kippax Fearnaught, Dr. John Taylor's 28-month-old English-bred bulldog from **Long Beach, Calif.**, displayed "ideal" deep ridding gait, Charollais quality, topped five other group winners, became first of breed in 42 years to win best-in-show in Westminster Kennel Club's 11th competition in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Gostner's Jr.'s **Snub-nut**, **Barnage of Quality III**, 20-month-old beaver who defeated his own sex, **Ch. Rang Award** of **Sirrah Crest**, for best-of-breed, scored up as best-American-bred. Other finalists: **Miss Kay Flair's** **Alpham**, **Ch. Tanjor of Crown Crest**; Mrs. F. H.

Gower's English Springs **Spunk**, **Ch. King Peter of Sallynn**; Mrs. Robert B. Chano's **weathers**, **Ch. Robin Hill Brigade**; Mrs. L. S. Gordon Jr.'s and **Joan E. Bennett's** **Yorkshire Terrier**, **Ch. Star Twilight of Elm-Vue**.

BOXING

Bobo Olson, middleweight champion aiming to campaign among light-heavyweights, ended banquet of career at 36, counter-puncher **non-vincible**, whipped **Alph** (Tiger) **Jones**, conqueror of **Sugar Ray Robinson**, in 10-round hostile bout at Chicago.

Edward Charles, ex-heavyweight king, made his first start since last September, chopped up **unlabeled Charles Norwak** with left, dropped him with right in sixth, took 10-round decision in New York's Madison Square Garden.

James (Stoogy) **Jim Crowley**, one of Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, was named chairman of Pennsylvania Commission by Gov. George Leader following dismissal of **Frank Wheeler**, two other commissioners. Said Crowley: "I welcome the challenge."

ICE SKATING

Hayes Allen Jenkins, 20-year-old from **Colorado Springs**, rapped dazzling performance by leaping to tune of **Madness** in **Alto**, compiled 203.7 points, won his third straight, U.S.'s eighth straight, men's world figure skating title in Vienna. **Blonde Tenley Albright** (52, Feb. 3), 19-year-old second student from **Newton Centre, Mass.**, ruled off **Slag** and **Camel jumps**, won women's world crown for second time with 196.90 points.

Joan Westwood and **Laurence Denney** of **Britain** captured world ice dancing title for fourth time with 37.83 points.

Rigge Ericsson, 24-year-old **Swede**, turned 65,000 **Manitowish**, dethroned **Russia's Boris Shifare** as world speed skating champion with 194.395 points in four-event competition.

FOOTBALL

Paul Dietzel, 30-year-old **Army line coach**, signed 1-year contract at \$10,000 yearly, succeeded **Gaynell Tinsley** as **LSU** head coach. Said Dietzel: "My job will be to sell LSU to the boys we're planning to recruit."

Bruce Nagurski Jr., 17-year-old 215-pound tackle from **International Falls, Minn.**, decided to follow in father's star marks, will enroll this fall at **Minnesota**. **Nagurski Sr.**, said he was "relieved." Irish mother said the lad preferred **Notre Dame**.

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

Officer at the Associated Press cannot poll Team rankings this week, with points based on a 1-5-5-5-5-5-5-5-5-5 basis (most-favorite vote on percent basis).

	Points
1-San Francisco (121).....	362
2-Kentucky (121).....	318
3-La Salle (11).....	619
4-Buena Vista (11).....	415
5-Marquette (11).....	388
6-North Carolina State (10).....	354
7-Minnesota (11).....	354
8-Utah (11).....	350
9-MDU (10).....	279
10-George Washington (10).....	248

at Stadium 10, Dayton (10/10), 10, **Indiana** 2, 10/15, **Illinois** 14, 14, **Vanderbilt** 10/15, **Memphis State** (11/1).

HORSE RACING

Hasty Heese Farmer Hasty Bond got hasty start from Jockey Johnny Adams, led all way in mile-and-a-quarter race, won \$122,500 Widener Handicap by neck at Hialeah Park, Fla.

Swags, California-bred colt with Johnny Langdon up, took lead at final turn of \$137,500 Santa Anita Derby, won mile-and-eight race by half-length, ahead of Jean's Joe at Arcadia, Calif.

GOLF

Patty Berg, Chicago veteran, didn't sink any long ones but didn't miss any short ones, shot 292 to capture women's open at St. Petersburg, Fla.

Page Cawker, smooth-swinging dark horse from Uruguay, edged Patty by one stroke with 296, took \$5,000 Serbin Invitational at Miami Beach.

HOCKEY

Montreal Canadiens whipped Detroit Red Wings 4-2, overwhelmed N.Y. Rangers 10-2 at Bernie (Boon Boon) Geoffrion fired five goals on only eight shots. Canadiens led Wings by single point in two-team National Hockey League race.

BASEBALL

Puerto Rico attached Caribbean championship by whipping Panama 11-3. Willie Mays of Giants, Ben Zimmer of Dodgers, Roberto Clemente of Pirates led winners' attack.

SLEDDING

Douglas Cassner, resident Canadian, took six runs down treacherous Cresta Corvo, completed time of 208.8 seconds, won world skeleton sled championships at St. Moritz, Switzerland.

MILEPOSTS

HONORED—Dr. Roger Bannister, first 4-minute miler, 55's Sportsman of Year; won William Ryde Award for studies in physiology of stress conditions, at London.

MARRIED—John W. Galbreath, president of Pittsburgh Pirates, owner Darby Dan Farm; to Dorothy Bryan Fineston, racing enthusiast, at Miami Beach.

MARRIED—Willie Fep, former featherweight champion; to Cynthia Regina Rhodes, at Hartford, Conn.

RETURNED—Bill Chadelek, 39, National Hockey League referee; after 14 seasons, effective end of Stanley Cup play-offs.

DIED—William Dukas, 48, chief deputy commissioner, N.Y. State Athletic Commission; after a fall, of leukemia, in Brooklyn, N.Y. Appointed last month, former racket-buster was investigating corruption in boxing.

DIED—Joseph M. Smoot, 65, who promoted legal horse racing in California, built Hialeah in Florida, died almost penniless; in Las Vegas, Nev.

RESULTS OF 100 LEADING COLLEGE BASKETBALL GAMES

EAST

Auburn 51-Williams 50
Brown 57-Cornell 44
Calgate 50-Penn 25, 26
Cala 50-Rutgers 31
Cala 50-Rhode Island 32

Cornell 51-Yale 44
Columbia 35-Yale 34
Columbia 31-Corn 47
Columbia 25-Wil 30
Dartmouth 32-Corn 37

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PROFESSIONALS

NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION

EASTERN DIVISION

1. Syracuse 18-10
2. New York 17-11
3. Boston 16-12
4. Philadelphia 15-13

5. Detroit 14-14
6. Washington 13-15
7. Chicago 12-16
8. St. Louis 11-17

9. Cleveland 10-18
10. Pittsburgh 9-19
11. Milwaukee 8-20
12. Cincinnati 7-21

13. Indianapolis 6-22
14. Kansas City 5-23
15. St. Paul 4-24
16. Minneapolis 3-25

17. Denver 2-26
18. Utah 1-27
19. Salt Lake 0-28
20. Portland 0-29

WESTERN DIVISION

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16. Minneapolis 3-25

17. Denver 2-26
18. Utah 1-27
19. Salt Lake 0-28
20. Portland 0-29

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

SANDWICH

JOE DYER, Baltimore, was Margie Wilson, 12-1, 10-1, women's title, New England Championships, Berlin.

BOXING

CHE FOLLOWS, 15-round decision over Paul Pender, middleweight, Berlin.

JOE GARDNER, 15-round decision over Andy Moffat, middleweight, Miami Beach.

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something
that's fun...



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—magazine of successful young families

SCHOOLS *continued from page 85*

Taylor spent considerable time showing a catcher how to move out from behind the batter to get a pitch-out, not so easy as it looks when done by a big leaguer. Gus Niarhos spoke of how the catcher should place himself and tag a runner coming home to score. Many young catchers move up from the plate and find themselves trapped into making a desperate lunge to tag the runner out. Even after instruction, young players often persist in these faults.

Besides instruction, the schools offer young players an opportunity to practice and to play daily. This was most welcomed by those who came from large cities where they were lucky to play two days running. A big league ballplayer has spent thousands of hours throwing and catching and hitting a ball. For every time he has swung at a pitch in a game, he has taken several cuts in practice. It is this great difference between someone who merely plays ball and a big leaguer who plays all the time that the young players are trying to bridge.

Lately, two of the schools have ac-

quired umpiring and trainer adjunts. Art Passarella, who is associated with Lepot, annually takes a small group of student umpires. He trains them and if they show promise, he tries to get them jobs umpiring in Class D leagues. This year he took only four young umpires, all of whom admitted that they had once dreamed of becoming ballplayers before they realized they would never succeed. They took up umpiring to stay in baseball.

Gus March, the Yankee trainer, teaches student trainers at the Sid Hudson School. He had 11 under his wing this year, one a chiropractor who traveled about 150 miles a day by auto to clinics. A second was a doctor who wants to work with athletes and another a Turkish bath manager who wants to better his position economically.

There is in the schools something of the pathos of ambition. Of 125 boys who attended the Washington camp, six were signed up. It was likely that eight more would be placed with minor league teams. One hundred and eleven went home without contracts. Scouts visit the schools regularly and the proportion of boys signed up by them is probably the same as it is at Wash-



STUDENT TRAINERS (front fellow) pupil Martin with machine to tone muscles.

ington. This does not mean that they will reach the majors. Only a few will ever rise out of the minors.

Opinions about the relative worth of the schools differ among the scouts. Some prefer clinics, which are also growing in popularity. The clinics are usually run on weekends under the sponsorship of newspapers, and they admit boys from 8 to 10 to 18. At such a clinic in Brooklyn, Lepot was picked out from among 1,000 boys, signed up and thus began his baseball career.

The *Saratoga Herald-Tribune* conducted a series of four weekend clinics this winter which were highly successful. Nineteen percent-day and former ballplayers assisted in this work. From 200 to 500 boys were on hand, and they were coached and given tips on fundamentals of the game.

Colored boys were not excluded and, for the first time, boys of both races played together in a ball game at Payne Park in Saratoga. Four former big league batting champions—Eddie Roush, Paul Waner, Minnie and Billy Goodman—were among the instructors along with Nick Altrock, Heinie Groh, Early Wynn, Wes Ferrell and Boet Evers. Both the boys and the players loved it and the event attained much local prominence.

A CLINICAL VIEW

The clinics are undoubtedly cheaper to run than the schools—the *Saratoga Herald*'s cost about \$200 in all—and they give the scouts a quick and easy look at a mob of rookies. But the schools give a boy more of a chance to learn and develop, and in these days of large bonuses for untried prospects they cost next to nothing. Washington's school operating expenses amount to \$15,000 a year, money well spent if

STUDENT UMPIRES put their hearts into their work in four-man class at Art Passarella's umpire training school, now in its fourth year at St. Augustine.



only a few stars are found. Wynn and Hudson, in fact, did get their start there.

One of the criticisms directed against the schools (as opposed to the clinics) is that most of them are privately operated, and for profit. Actually, the profits are not large and the men who run the schools have other motives. For Hudson it is like taking a baseball refresher course every year, and Lopat has enjoyed himself immensely. So have the schools' other big leaguers who are generally sympathetic to the hopes and problems of the students.

The last weekend at the Washington camp, there was an atmosphere of dispiritedness. A dark-haired boy sat on a bench in the locker room. Others were dressing. An attendant collected Chattanooga Lookout uniforms which had been used in some of the games. These borrowed baseball suits were being returned for those to whom they would belong—players with contracts.

"Ma, I'm coming home—unsigned," the dark-haired boy said aloud and in a tone of half irony.

And in the early afternoon, a player stood all alone at home plate with bat in hand, swinging again and again at an imaginary ball. He had not given up. He was practicing his swing for the future.

He, too, like most of those who went to baseball school this year, went home unsigned. But of those who did get contracts, some day the names of one or more of them might be read in big league box scores.

Watching a young pitcher in the box at Auburndale, Tracks said:

"I was like that when I broke in. You couldn't stop me. I could have thrown the ball through a brick wall. But I was wild as a March hare."

From the boys of eight and nine on, the clinics and the schools give a picture of baseball, its hopes, its spirit, its joys, its suffering and dreams. The colored boy pitching in Payne Park, the high school kid eager to break in, the minor leaguer, Virgil Tracks, Ed Lopat, Paul Waner who is honored in the Hall of Fame, and old Nick Altrock—a span of generations. You see those who want to do it, those who are doing it now, and those who have done it and who remember backwards to the days when they went through the process step by step that these new generations now seek to repeat. **ENR**

END OF DREAM. sad fate of most boys in schools. Is shared by pitchers Joseph Rothen and Richard Todd (right), as more successful friends head bus for away game.



wander. Some of the words link the two puzzles together, permitting one player to do the other in the eye. Save these till last. If both players get stuck, the puzzles may be reversed and the solving resumed. First one finished wins. It's designed for two but one can play it alone.

1992

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ACROSS

1. Where he lives in style.
4. Impudently in plural? (noun).
10. Somebody else's child.
14. It's water's in the neighborhood.
15. It usually displays a yellow screen.
16. She's a beauty.
17. Capt. Bonadventure's action.
18. A short story, usually fictional.
19. One is one.
20. Red record.
21. Dishes.
22. Home and hoggy.
23. Many of them have a lot of high notes.
24. One made up to be the girl's house.
25. I'm embarrassed.
26. Tangy girl.
27. Not any; diaphanous.
28. How white a place is the country.

29. A kind of cell.
30. This is not better.
31. Little a year.
32. Harder and wicker.
33. A small sum.
34. Sharp measures.
35. Green-up letters.
36. It's nearly justice.
37. Famous name in the real world.
38. Letters in a successful play.
39. Wright.
40. Enough milk for 200 yards.
41. Delivered a lecture.
42. He takes a little like on the beach.
43. A lot of talk when it's hot.
44. Word for the old widow's heart.
45. Topographic Washington rock.
46. Show to light the legends.
47. Off-stage character in Gower.
48. All that an ogre had to lose.
49. For crying out loud.

50. What Eve is to do.
51. One of a kind of character.
52. What a pabulum is.
53. This never leaves its quarters.
54. You'll find it in an old song.
55. A piece of something.
56. Man's best friend in the fish house.
57. Mischief to be avoided (noun).
58. Address to a girl.
59. Way without with this.
60. Land.
61. The party.
62. River in the West.
63. The statue after Paul F.
64. All thanks.
65. It's for the customer's thing.
66. To be half of it (verb).
67. Photo book.

DOWN

1. Where to perform the little ceremony.
2. Customer in the store.
3. It's situated at the elbow.
4. One after the other.
5. Defect term.
6. Headquarters of Oscar's mother.
7. A card like your Kentucky.
8. The made good record and record.
9. She likes to dance the polka.
10. A small bit of salt (noun).
11. It's down her there.
12. Had a name then.
13. The figure and others.
14. He's on the right track.
15. It's got the others in the house.
16. Better half of a top Andy man.
17. Novella of the house time.
18. Augusta Ward.
19. You have to make up to get this.
20. When they're hot they're hot.
21. Under them was a line.
22. Pair of Tonia.
23. Nip followers.
24. American's among Americans.
25. Barbs up.
26. Old record.
27. Explorer who can animal power.
28. This is often used in making.
29. Notion for a long with the eye.
30. Kind of hand.
31. One of the other (verb).
32. William Givens.
33. Symbol of hardness.
34. Three promises is registered.
35. Cowboy's dwelling.
36. Indian creature who was in a trap.
37. The time of your life.
38. The whole box.
39. A kind of actor.
40. It's down to me.
41. Nothing to be very plain.
42. Very's first name.
43. This man is a star.
44. He's home to him.
45. Taken into the house.
46. Contrasts of the flowing hair.
47. They make me, in a slow to.
48. What happens to.
49. Make of the house.
50. It's always finding.
51. When follows what?
52. Success of taking animals in.
53. It's a lot of this.
54. If you have this, you'll get reward.
55. It's how in Virginia.
56. Small message.
57. Signet.
58. Photo book.

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SOLUTION WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE



NCAA TV CONTROVERSY: NOTRE DAME STATES ITS CASE

Wrs:

Judging from the reactions of your readers to Mr. Robert Hall's recent article, there is little need for us to come to our own defense. However, lest we seem to strengthen Mr. Hall's unfavorable assumptions by our silence, we feel that some reply will be helpful for the record.

Mr. Hall has accused the Big Ten, the Pacific Coast Conference and the University of Notre Dame of greed and avarice in opposing the NCAA-controlled television plan. Such charges would seem to be slightly more than gratuitous. In the position that Notre Dame has consistently taken toward the NCAA television program, certain fundamental principles have been involved that are far more important than the financial factors.

From the very inception of the NCAA plan we have been seriously concerned with the philosophy underlying it. Any type of control which depends upon a boycott for its effectiveness is, and should be, suspect in the American way of life. Our nation has been built on respect for private property, on belief in the advantages of free enterprise and honest competition. It seems particularly strange to find our colleges, which should be advocates of fair and open competition, budding together in a protective association lest a new invention affect one small aspect of their life.

It is true that a major invention almost invariably arouses fear and legislation is a small group which sees in the new discovery a threat to its own vested interests. Frequently the group will fight a rear guard action to maintain the "status quo"

as which it has prospered in the past.

As we see it, the NCAA today is, because of its policies governing television, in the unenviable position of being just such a group. Its efforts were directed towards maintaining the "status quo." The NCAA hypothesis goes like this: The televising of football games adversely affects stadium attendance and thereby reduces gate receipts. We must not permit this to happen. Therefore, we must either eliminate or strictly limit the use of television in order that stadium attendance be maintained at a certain base-period level.

Before commenting on the fallacies in this argument, there are some pertinent questions we would ask concerning the philosophy underlying the NCAA plan. Where is the line to be drawn on *restraints*? Is there any limit to the power of a numerical majority within the NCAA to establish new and further controls? (As a matter of record, the plan has become more embracing and restrictive each year.) If the NCAA has complete and ultimate power over television as one of the factors affecting football attendance and gate receipts, what is to prevent it from having the same power over all other factors? If it can refuse to permit the University of Michigan to televise the attendance at a nearby college be affected, could it not also restrict the number of fans permitted in Michigan's 97,000-seat stadium? Since control of revenue is one of the NCAA objectives, could it not also legislate the price of tickets? To many, these would seem obvious violations of private property rights, but do they really differ in principle from present television control?

As a prime example of the lengths to which the NCAA philosophy leads, we cite the Skare-the-Wealth Plan proposed by Mr. Robert Hall when he was chairman of the NCAA Television Committee in 1952. Mr. Hall and the entire NCAA TV Committee recommended that serious consideration be given to the proposal that all television revenue be placed in a common fund and be distributed to all of the member colleges of the NCAA. Mr. Hall visualized such a plan supporting the athletic programs of all our nation's colleges. This presents an appealing objective, but it still remains a miserable means, a socialist-type scheme which tends to place a premium on mediocrity and to level all schools to one plane.

We suggested to Mr. Hall at the time that it would be equally consistent and attractive to many colleges to share, for even higher purposes, not only football receipts but also the endowments of such fortunate universities as Harvard, Princeton, Cornell and Yale. Mr. Hall was strangely and, we thought, significantly silent.

The experience of the NCAA-controlled television plan use a subtle appeal to elicit public support. They maintain that the restrictive plan now in force is the only way to safeguard the existence of intercollegiate athletics. We disagree. As a matter of fact, we feel it is more detrimental than helpful.

First of all, any attempt to maintain the "status quo" is aliterative is a free enterprise system. If a new invention manifestly affects an industry it is extremely shortsighted to hope that artificial restraints will neutralize its effect. The NCAA is highly presumptuous in thinking it can control the free choices and the comings and goings of a free citizenry in and out of football stadiums. Banning television or restricting it will not insure to Starbuck College the attendance in 1966 that it had in 1947. There are too many variable factors exclusive of television that affect attendance.

Secondly, it has always seemed to us eminently reasonable to believe that television could be a staunch ally of intercollegiate football. The large share of advertising budgets now being allocated to television is a barometer of the respect that American business has for TV's sales ability. Why not sell to the living room spectator the idea of annually attending a game or two a year? At the present time, approximately 1,500,000 people attend football games on Saturday afternoons. The audience is swollen to 35 million through the medium of television. This means that countless numbers of potential new fans are being reached. If only a small percentage of these are enticed into the stadium once or twice a year we may have to enlarge all of the stadiums throughout the country.

This is not just a case of whimsical thinking. We have our experience in the early days of radio as a corroborating factor. There were many doomsday prophecies in the



DAVE SISK

"This is his slack season. The football games are all over and baseball won't start for a while yet."



FATHER EDMUND JOYCE

1920s who saw in radio the lethal weapon that would empty stadiums from coast to coast. Some colleges and conferences adopted measures to ban radio broadcasts of their games. Notre Dame then took an opposite point of view. Knute Rockne, with the typical foresight of the man, saw in radio a great ally of American football. He immediately offered Notre Dame games to any and all radio stations and networks that desired to broadcast the games. NCAA boycotts were averted in those days and other schools began following Notre Dame's example. Future experience proved how correct Rockne had been. Radio helped to build millions of new fans for intercollegiate football.

Notre Dame is opposed to the present NCAA policy because it is reactionary, arbitrary, artificial and will, in the long run, be detrimental to intercollegiate football. Although we now express a minority viewpoint, we do not stand alone in opposing the basic philosophy of the NCAA restrictive plan. Harvard and Yale have both expressed opposition to it. In May, 1933 the Harvard athletic director, Thomas D. Bolles, made the statement that "Harvard intends not to be bound by any program restricting its right to decide independently when and to what extent it will televise athletics." Yale followed suit the same month, announcing their independent stand to be "a matter of principle." It was not long afterward that Mr. Hall and Yale became disassociated. It is at least ironic that it is possible to be opposed to the NCAA on the basis of principles which have nothing to do with athletics.

For the uncommitted who might still feel that Notre Dame's athletic policy is governed solely by an inordinate desire for revenue, we have one final consideration. We have for 34 years rejected literally millions of dollars in money by refusing to participate in post-season bowl games. This, too, happens to be with us a matter of principle.

(REV.) EDMUND F. JOYCE, C.S.C.
Executive Vice-president
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Ind.

● As Notre Dame's faculty chairman for athletics Father Joyce has a strong

interest in NCAA's still-continuing TV debate.—ED.

ENJOY A HAPPY MAN

Sirs:

There are many things I like about SI. I couldn't possibly list them here. In the story of the Millrose Games by Bogart Rogers, you captured some of the spirit of this, the greatest of all indoor meets.

What do the Millrose Games mean to me? As far as I am concerned, they are second only to the Olympics. I have been competing in track for 18 years and have run a relay leg in the last 11 Millrose meets. This year we, the Baltimore Olympic Club, won the club two-mile relay. I have won medals at one time or another from just about every known track meet that is held annually in this country. Up until 1935, I had never won a Millrose medal. I couldn't retire until this was accomplished. Now I can bow out a happy man.

WILLIAM C. JOHNSON
President
Baltimore Olympic Club

Baltimore

● Track fans have long watched and applauded bald-headed Bill Johnson's spirited lead-off legs for the Baltimore Olympic Club.—ED.

I AM A LITTLE BIASED, BUT

Sirs:

Being a track enthusiast and director of one of the finest outdoor track carnivals in the country, SI's coverage of the Millrose Games appealed to me very much. Also, I am a little biased in that I have known Fred Schumetz personally since 1936 and he is one of our great fellows in the sport of track.

It is certainly fine that we see some articles on track, and particularly events of this type, in that I think it goes a long way in popularizing the sport. I enjoyed the art work by John Greth, as it gave a different and more attractive version to track and field and did so much more than general photographs would do.

I hope to see many more articles on track and field. . . .

TOM DICKARD
Director
Drake Relays

Des Moines

HE WHO HAS THRILLED

Sirs:

Anyone who has ever seen an indoor track meet at the Garden in New York, or in Philly or Boston; he who has thrilled to the beauty of a great athlete going over 15 feet in the pole vault, or starting to kick in the final lap of the mile run or skimming over the highs, just barely missing each hurdle and then speeding the last few yards—that man will appreciate the great power in John Greth's almost three-dimensional portrayal of an indoor track meet which appeared a few weeks ago in your young magazine. I have always admired Greth's sketchy, realistic attempt to capture a scene as he saw it and put it down on paper, fresh and alive, but I have never seen him do anything to equal the double-page meet scene in your magazine.

I also want to say that you have one of the most progressive if not the most progressive magazine in America. You are

doing a wonderful job of filling a long-vacant spot on the American sports scene—a good new weekly sports magazine.

JOSEPH SPATOLA III

Philadelphia

GREAT DRIBBLER

Sirs:

In SI Nov. 25 you had a PAT ON THE BACK for "Baz Himself" (Dr. Eugene King) still playing the game at the age of 61. Baz is probably the oldest player in the country, but my son is no doubt the youngest to suit up. Deane is the mascot of our company team, the Geo. C. Moore Company, which is currently in first place in the Rhode Island Basketball Association.

DEAN F. MARSHALL

Westley, R.I.



MAGNET DEANE

WILL I EVER PLAY CRICKET?

Sirs:

My husband and I get about as much kick out of the letters as we do the fine articles SI publishes. We get a little provoked, too, at the narrow-mindedness of some people.

I imagine all of us feel that we're "average readers" and what doesn't appeal to us is just naturally "off-beat." But I wonder if some of your readers have stopped to realize just how many different types of people read your fine magazine and if the hundreds of varied interests these people must have. The man who likes fishing probably skips by the articles on skiing—but I'll bet the skiing enthusiast reads every word written on his favorite sport. It's simply a matter of taste—and interests.

I guess you'd call my husband and I members of the "bough and cane-pole set," for circumstances prevent our taking active part in a lot of sports discussed in SI, but that certainly doesn't keep us from being interested readers about such sports. We have to confine our fishing to the Mississippi River and the lakes in Missouri but that doesn't keep us from reading articles on surf-casting or deep-sea fishing. We are, of necessity, city elf dwellers, but we still like to read magazines about homes and gardens and ranch houses. I'll probably

continue on next page

never own a fur coat or drive an expensive car, but that doesn't keep me from pausing to look them over when I see them in a window. . . .

It's certainly true that you can't please all the people all the time, but it would help, I think, if every reader of *SI* would keep an open mind and broaden his scope of interest on all sports.

As far as, I may keep up the scoldent work, I can't never go home hawking, or use a highlight, or play wicket-keeper on a cricket team, but I enjoy reading about them all the same. . . .

MISS ROBERT MAYER

St. Louis

WENT, ON MINT

Sir:

The time has come to get this letter off my mind. I'm not interested in sports; I'm addicted to them—all of them. So *SI* was a natural for me from the first issue on. It's a splendid magazine, extremely well edited.

But why, oh why, must your reporting on the outdoors always be hung on some bizarre peg. Your reporting on baseball and basketball, say, is straight and colorful. But European bear hunts, three-up pheasant shots and Lake Titicaca fishing are comparable to describing the week's events in baseball with the story of a game played on donkeys in Chetumal. It just isn't consistent.

The great outdoors deserves better.

KEN S. BOONICK

Columbus, O.

PS: They do play baseball on donkeys in Chetumal sometimes.

WILL WRAP ONE DONALD DUCK . . .

Sir:

I was reading my Feb. 7 edition of *SI* when I was called to the phone. While I was gone our young lady traded her book for mine. My camera being near at hand I recorded one definitely un-Average Reader at work. Believe it or not, it was not posed.

HUGH ALLAN

Windsor, Manitoba, Canada



JAMIE ALLAN

THAT MYSTERIOUS VEGETABLE

Sir:

I have in front of me all the back copies (some 2,200 pages in all) of *SI* up to and

including the Feb. 7, 1955 issue containing the letter from Mr. G. E. Lamphun complaining, "SI . . . has failed to give its readers the right balance of sport coverage we had a right to expect." With a reference that squash racquets would surely be confused with a vegetable by 99% of *SI* readers, I feel that Mr. Lamphun is not giving *SI* readers proper credit. However, even if his assumption is correct, the 1% of the *SI* readers not confused is entitled (by Mr. Lamphun's original complaint of balance) to the proper share of coverage. There have been 4 of the 2,200 pages devoted to squash racquets, or 0.18%. I hope that *SI* will close in on squash racquets' proper share of 1% very soon. . . .

Unless the Yale squash coach, Johnny Stillman, perfects and builds his court of one-way glass, squash will remain a mystery to many people. Due to the construction of the court, the gallery is limited to a maximum of 100 people. For a sport to become popular, it must be both seen and played. There are not enough facilities to take care of all the people who wish to play squash, for high court construction costs limit the number of available courts. However, I feel that *SI*'s few pages devoted to squash has helped to make the sport more widely known and appreciated.

REINHOLD G. AUGER

Birmingham, Mich.

P.S. I was glad to read about Grand Champion Joe Leonard's accomplishments in the field of motorcycle racing. It has widened my knowledge of a sport with which I am fairly unfamiliar.

HIS LEVEL

Sir:

I have read with interest the comments on the article in your magazine by Mr. Average Reader.

When your articles descend to the level of the Average Reader, please cancel my subscription.

CHARLES SNOW

Mt. Pleasant, S.C.

MR. BELOW AVERAGE

Sir:

Guess I'm a Below-Average Reader; I get as much enjoyment from the 1939 *ITOLD* battles as I do from the articles.

MIKE MURPHY

New Richmond, O.

SUSTAIN THE LAMPFRID

Sir:

All congratulations on the magnificent article *Crisis for the Baseball Fan* by Paul Gallico. Like all masterpieces of literature, it arouses the emotions, stimulates the intellect, creates understanding and leaves the reader the better of mentally and spiritually than before the reading. As a boy, I first played cricket, then baseball. I can only say that I was a better ballplayer than a cricketer and, as it turned out, a better cricketer than a ballplayer. Not that they matter, but one remembers these details around the years. . . .

To return to Mr. Gallico, he has contributed infinitely to the discipline which must permeate and sustain the nations and peoples of the Western World in their stand against the monsters and perils of the Iron Curtain before them.

REINHOLD WINGELBERGER

San Diego, Calif.

IT WAS SOMETHING NEW

Sir:

Wasn't *Soundtrack* (SI, Feb. 14) too liberal in its interpretation of the remarks made by the Army football coach in *The Long Gray Line*?

Prior to the first Army-Notre Dame game I had seen many forward passes successfully executed by Eastern football teams, including one from Dean to Surles which won for Army over Yale in 1904. But after eight years of experimenting with this play Eastern teams generally used it as a last-gasp effort for victory in the closing minutes of a game. And never, NO NEVER, was the pass to be attempted anywhere near one's own goal line.

Then came Notre Dame to West Point in 1913. And, in defeating Army 13-13, the forward pass was used from the opening whistle, regardless of the score or the position of the ball. To Notre Dame the forward pass was not a play that might effect a miracle when all else had failed; instead it was one of the principal maneuvers in a splendidly integrated plan of attack.

And so Granddad Rice and practically all of the other sportswriters and I left that game realizing that, like the coach in *The Long Gray Line*, we had truly seen something new in football.

BING GRAY, J. B. CRAWFORD

Auburn, Ala.

THE IMMORTALS

Sir:

As an old-timer who saw his first game of baseball in 1903 at the Allentown Fair Grounds—I was then a wide-eyed boy of 15, fresh from sunny Italy, anxious to explore and comprehend the wonders and mysteries of a great new world—I have greatly enjoyed Farrell's superb article on the Cooperstown Hall of Fame, where the heroic plaques and memories of former heroes of America's national pastime are preserved for future generations. My joy was mixed with a great deal of emotion because the memories reawakened by names such as Napoleon Lajoie, Ty Cobb, Honus Wagner, Tris Speaker, Christy Mathewson, and that immortal among immortals, Grover Cleveland Alexander.

In the wonderful process of creating America's traditions and myths, baseball holds an essential and vital place. And rightly so, for there is no game or sport that reflects more truly the American character and spirit as baseball. As Farrell so aptly says, baseball has become deeply integrated into our national culture, just as athletics and the tragedies were the essence of the culture of ancient Greece.

JOHN BRILL

Sports Editor

El Progresso Indo-Americano

New York

NAME

Sir:

Name as such a fine young publication as *SI*!

No "old gun dog" would think of "barking quail" (SI, Feb. 14). Dogs "point" quail.

Sylvester, Ga.

COON LAMB

• Right, can't teach an old gun dog new tricks.—ED.



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Phone _____



You're So Smart to Smoke **Parliaments**

A man in a red suit and a dark tie with red polka dots is shown from the chest down. He is holding a pack of Parliament cigarettes in his left hand and a single cigarette in his right hand. The pack is open, showing several cigarettes. The pack has the word "Parliament" in a large, stylized font, and "KING SIZE CIGARETTES" below it. The top of the pack says "FILTER MOUTHPIECE".

Parliament's exclusive
Filter Mouthpiece and
superb blend of fine
tobaccos give you
filtered smoking at its best.

KING SIZE or REGULAR

THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY



A PRODUCT OF

Benson & Hedges

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK